EEN SPECIAL! Dick Clark's monthly column

PHOTOPLAY

MBER 25¢

hy Debbie and Eddie e leaving Hollywood

19 SUMMER

How to ... home

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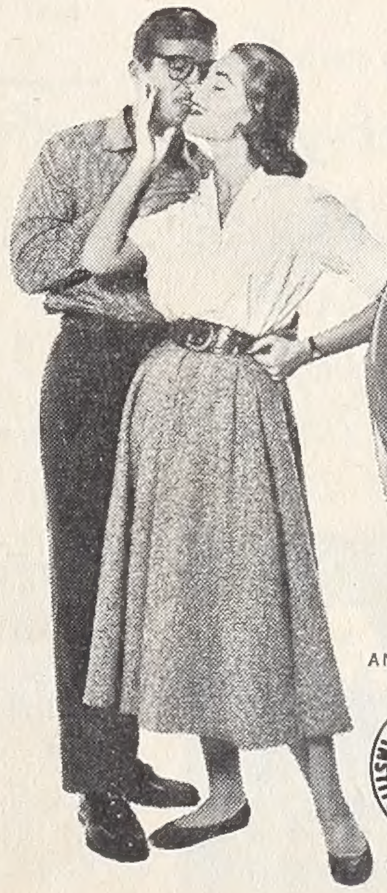

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- Rolls on Instantly
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Chlorophyll STICK Deodorant

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LANDER

CHLOROPHYLL DEODORANTS

SEPTEMBER, 1958 VOL. 54, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Debbie (Reynolds), Eddie, Carrie and Todd Emanuel Fisher by Globe. Debbie stars in "This Happy Feeling" for Universal-International and M-G-M's "Snob Hill." Eddie's latest recording is "I Don't Hurt Any More" for RCA-Victor. Watch him this fall on NBC-TV's "The Eddie Fisher Show."

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A very funny (IT'S CRAZY, MAN!)

story of a gentleman

(VERY SQUARE!)

and his high-brow lady

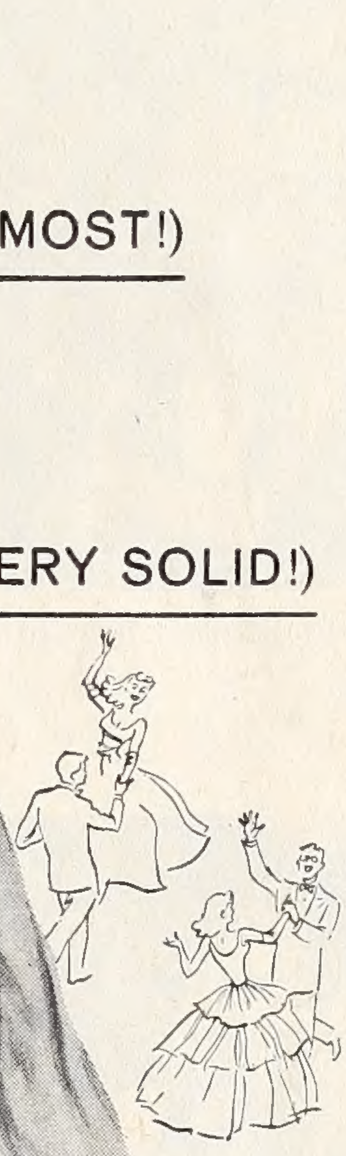
(THAT "LES GIRLS" CHICK!)

who try to tame a teen-ager

(SHE'S THE MOST!)

and her bongo beating boy-friend

(VERY SOLID!)



(MAN . . . everybody. . . but EVERYBODY HAS A BALL!)

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In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • An Avon Production

Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by Pandro S. Berman

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

"Being a star's a lovely way to wait for marriage," sighs Barb

Shelley and Tony Franciosa: a lovers' spat?

Pat: Gold star for improvement

I have difficulty recognizing Pier Angeli without Vic Damone. The same goes for her twin, Marisa Pavan, and Jean Pierre Aumont. But when Pier and Marisa are together, I recognize them . . . Is Princess Grace Kelly getting that matronly look? . . . Is Maria Schell ever going to stop laughing? . . . I have the impression that Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor are hip to each other . . . My two favorite girl singers are Eydie Gormé and Keely Smith . . . You could have gotten big odds a year ago betting that the so-so play "Gigi" would turn out to be a better musical picture than the great musical "South Pacific." And you'd have collected . . . I suspect that Tennessee Ernie Ford would love to be sophisticated . . . I back away from starlets who are said to be "a good kid" or "the life of the party." . . . People keep telling me that Pat Boone is improving as an actor . . . I never expected to see Sheree North in a sack dress . . . Barbara Nichols told me: "I really want to get married and have a family . . . but meanwhile, being a movie star is a lovely way to wait." . . . Remember way back when a movie heroine would take off her eyeglasses and become beautiful? . . .

Liberace is a name dropper. He never uses his first name . . . I like the song "When the Boys Talk About the Girls" and Valerie Carr sings it real good on the Roulette label . . . Jayne Mansfield told me: "I'm really shy. Really. But I got this fantastic build-up, and now I can't let anyone see how shy I am." Really? . . . My favorite comedian, Mort Sahl, says that Marlon Brando made you like a Nazi in "The Young Lions" and got the Japs off the hook in "Sayonara."

I haven't liked Rossano Brazzi since he appeared in "Summertime" with Katharine Hepburn . . . Joan Collins hates to be alone. I wonder how she found out . . . Singer Dorothy Dandridge was in the musical "Carmen Jones" and is in the musical "Porgy and Bess," and both times her singing is dubbed in for her . . . I know why they call it "Playhouse 90." Because you get 90 commercials during the show . . . Brigitte Bardot's popularity will continue until men go out of style . . . Jimmie Rodgers never looks married, even when he's with his wife . . . It's hard to convince me that Joan Crawford is a poor girl who comes from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Even in her old movies on TV . . . Elvis Presley appears to be in motion even when he's standing at attention . . . Are you surprised when I tell you Monty Clift is six feet tall? I was. Monty doesn't appear this tall because he carries himself slouchily . . . Tony Martin says his wife objects to his gambling, unless he wins.

Joanne Dru's West Virginia twang comes back after two glasses of champagne . . . Remember when other programs did parodies of "Dragnet"? Now it's its own! . . . Ava Gardner said it: "I always love too well, but unwisely." . . . They have yet to make a screen as big as an actor's opinion of himself . . . At a party, Carmen Phillips whispered: "I don't like to repeat gossip, honey, but what else can you do with it?"

I wonder if Ricky Nelson will long for a boyhood years from now . . . Rock Hudson would have been a movie star even if he hadn't been discovered by Henry Willson. The same as America would have been discovered if Columbus hadn't done the job . . . Kim Novak buys powder, bleaches it herself into the faintest lavender hue, then pats it on herself . . . It seems to me that Zsa Zsa's framed motto reads: "Never have a friend who's poorer than you are." . . . During a heated discussion, Shelley Winters said to Tony Franciosa, "I'll admit I'm wrong, if you'll admit I'm right." That's Hollywood For You.

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Tommy Reynolds is producer of MBS' "Bandstand, U.S.A." Hear him Sat. nights, 8:05 till 10 p.m., New York time

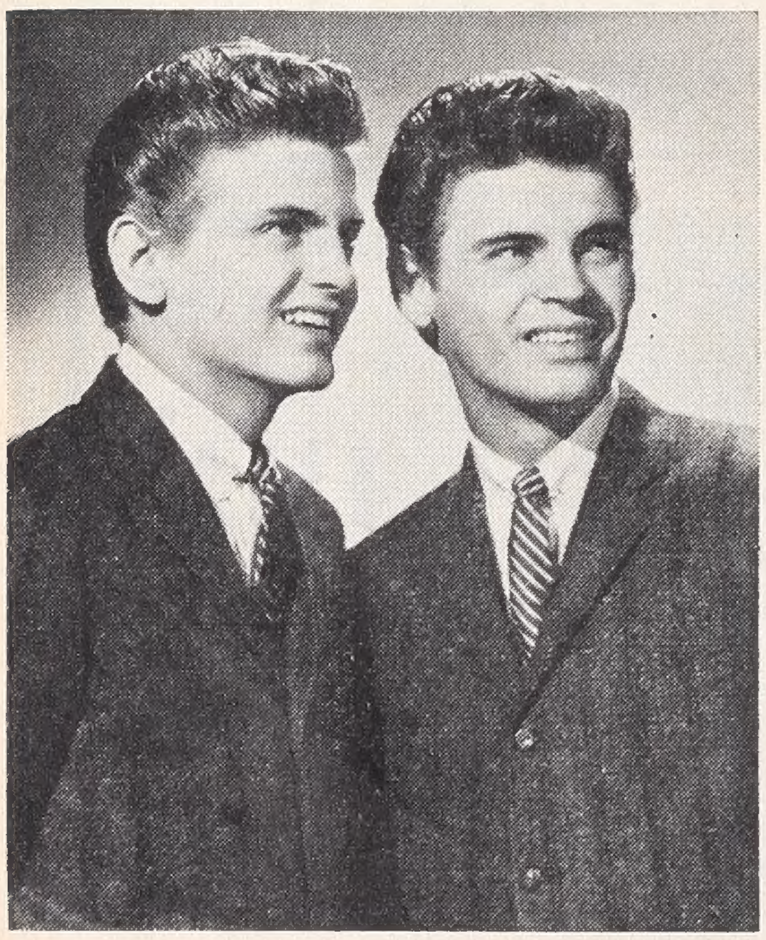
ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Say, whaddaya think of those Elvis Presley dog tags? Silver or gold plated yet! Each with his Army serial number (53310761, as in the song of the same title!), blood type (it's "O"), signature and etched-out picture. And wouldn't you *just* know that one of the brains behind this idea is a *deejay*—Norm Prescott of Boston's WBX. Well, one thing's for sure—Elvis will make more out of this than Davy Crockett ever made out of those hats!

Dear Rosemarie: Because Connie Francis is of interest, I'm sure, to *many* "On The Record" readers, I'll answer your questions here in the column.

Connie's real name is Constance Franconero and she was born twenty-one years ago in Newark, N. J. She went to Belleville High School where she won varied honors ranging from debating and psychology to a typing championship. She was also assistant editor of her school paper, and won a scholarship to New York University. "But my interests," says Connie, "have always been in show business—ever since I was four and appeared on the 'Startime' TV show." . . . The musical instrument Connie plays is the accordion.



Vying for top vocal honors in deejay survey are ever-lovin' Everly Brothers

Notes from Hollywood: There'll be more music in the upcoming "Porgy and Bess" than in any movie ever made. . . . Gene Krupa will be technical adviser on the movie of his life. (*Well, that's a wise choice!*) . . . Julie London is the only actress in screen history to play leading roles in four consecutive pictures and to sing and record the title and theme songs for these same pix. . . . David Seville, composer-singer-ork leader of "Witch Doctor," also wrote that hit of some years back, "Come-On-A-My House"—under his real name, Ross Bagdasarian.

Notes from Abroad: One of the hottest things on wax in France is the Platters. . . . Connie Francis' "Who's Sorry Now" made the No. 1 spot in England. . . . The English, by the way, are preparing for an invasion by "The Purple People Eater." . . . Billy Vaughan's "Sail Along Silvery Moon" is a big hit in Germany. . . . Following Pat Boone's appearance on a Perry Como TV show that was re-broadcast in Rome, Pat's platter sales zoomed in the Eternal City.

Notes from Home: Did you know that the vocal group most programmed by deejays, according to a recent survey, is the Four Lads? . . . But breathing hotly on the collective neck of this group are those relative newcomers, the Everly Brothers. . . . Frank Sinatra is the most programmed male vocalist . . . but hard on his heels is that new champ Pat Boone.

"On The Record" is pretty happy these days with the way things are shaping up musically around the nation. Because just about *everything* is way up there on the best-selling charts. Rock and Roll is there with "Johnny B. Goode" and "Book of Love." On the other hand, such ballads as "Chanson D'Amour" and "Return to Me" are also among the top sellers. . . . Do you like novelties? Well, there's "Witch Doctor," "The Purple People Eater," and others. . . . Do You Like Blues? Then you have "Talk to Me, Talk to Me" and "What Am I Living For?" . . . As for the artists, you have your hits with first-timers like The Aquatones, Dion and the Belmonts, Gino and Gina, and others. But you *also* have the "old" names riding high—Nat Cole, Dean Martin, Perry Como.

Any well-recorded tune of *any* kind, it seems (*if I dig this trend correctly*) can now become a hit—no matter who sings or plays it, who writes it, or what record company, big or small, cuts it.

Let's Preview

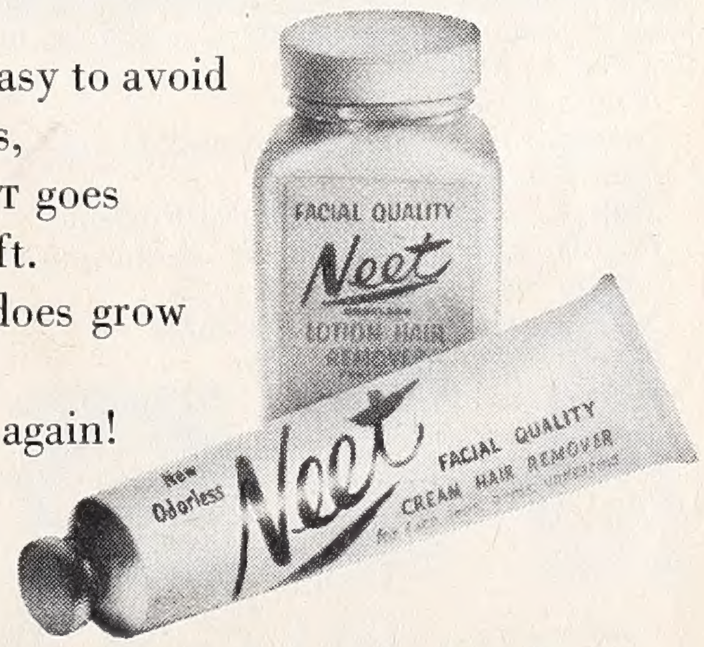
"Saturday Night with Mr. C." (RCA Victor LOP-1004)—Perry Como with Mitchell Ayers' Orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers—Just great. Perry sings a variety of tunes, some old and some new but all in his impeccable style, backed up by the great Mitchell Ayers and the Ray Charles singers.

"A Touch of the Blues" (RCA Victor LPM-1566)—Lee Wiley with Billy Butterfield and his orchestra—Today as in the past, one of our most underrated singers. If you like the blues (and who doesn't?) you'll love this LP. Lee is the only gal we know that can make a ballad sound like the blues. With Billy Butterfield's sparkling trumpet and inspired orchestral backgrounds added.

"Lady in Satin" (Columbia CL 1157)—Billie Holiday with Ray Ellis and his orch. Billie Holiday is back on records and we're glad. Her voice seems to have mellowed with the years and the lush string backgrounds with voices and jazz solos here and there are definitely a new setting for this great jazz singer. We remember her in the early days of her career with the Basie band . . . how about following up "Lady in Satin" with "Lady Meets Basie"?

shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!



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READERS INC.

Tops in Any Language

The writer, a teacher of English, has a pupil who loves to read your magazine in order to practice her English and translation to Spanish (for we are Mexicans) and also because it brings pleasure to her teacher, her mother and herself.

The three of us simply can't keep silence any longer in regards to the great Rock Hudson. We just saw three of his pictures on the same program and we are still in ecstasy over him. Oh! Such exquisite tenderness, such an enchanting, bewitching Rock! He is just wonderful—out of reach, like an Olympic god who makes young and old tremble within, when he is on the screen.

We only ask of you to please let us know about him as much as possible; the poor darling, perhaps a little heartbroken now but he can be sure that for every pain he has a thousand adoring fans who would try to prevent anything that would hurt him.

Mrs. Felisa R. Olvera
Gomez Palacio, Mexico

Glad Eddie's Eddie

Dear Sidney Skolsky:

Read your column in Photoplay regularly. Couldn't overlook one item, though:

"I'm of the opinion that Eddie Fisher would like to be Frank Sinatra."

There are many, many of us Fisher fans who are mighty, mighty happy that Eddie *isn't* Frank Sinatra.

Eddie is a wonderful, sincere person and entertainer. We wouldn't have him change a bit.

La Juan Green
Hobbs, New Mexico

Hottest with High-Schoolers

Last week the female students at our high school took a poll and thought our favorite magazine, Photoplay, would be interested in the results:

Nicest Eyes—Leo Genn
Nicest Hair—Ray Danton and James Garner (tie)
Most Classic Nose—Edmund Purdom
Best Height and Build—Rock Hudson
Nicest Smile—Marlon Brando
Nicest Mouth—Harry Belafonte
Nicest Voice—Ray Danton
Most Amiable Manner—Jeff Hunter
Most Sex Appeal—Anthony Franciosa
Best Actor—Marlon Brando and William Holden (tie)

Rose Milano
(Representative for the girls of East View High, White Plains, N. Y.)

Proud of Johnny

I was so impressed by your recent article on Johnny Mathis that I just had to write and compliment you!

I speak not only for myself but also for my family and close friends who are always glad to see one of our race break through that "invisible wall."

Mr. Mathis has a great future ahead of him. We're very proud because he is using his talents to the best of his ability.

If everyone of all races and religions would use their God-given talents to the best of their ability, life would be much better for us all and the world a better place to live in.

Alma Presley
Cleveland, Ohio

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World?

Could you please tell me who the most beautiful woman in the world is? Does she come from Hollywood? I have heard that Liz Taylor was but there are other candidates also, such as Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak. I think that Marilyn Monroe is better near a perfectly beautiful woman than Liz Taylor. We are all getting tired of seeing Liz Taylor's picture in the magazines. Also, who is the most handsome man in the world? Is he from Hollywood? I would either nominate Rock Hudson or Marlon Brando for that part. All the boys in my school want to really see something beautiful inside as well as outside. We want a beautiful blonde, this time—the heck with the brunettes. Also, please tell me what qualities a girl must have. Must her face measurements be perfect or what? Please answer us boys.

Boys of America
Springfield, Mass.

Readers—what do you think?—Ed.

Dear Dale Robertson:

You were a wonderful guest at our Winston-Salem, North Carolina rodeo recently and never have I met a nicer person. I guess you were pretty tired by the end of the week but I never would have known it by the way you stood for hours each night giving autographs and saying "hello."

I'm writing this so all my Photoplay friends can know that here is one wonderful movie star!

Come back and visit our town again. We all loved you!

Juanita Johnson
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Private Presley

I would like to give my many thanks to you for the wonderful photos of Elvis in the Army—especially the handsome color photo. By looking at him, we can imagine his first day in the Army. Please have some more on Elvis real soon, especially a big color photo. Thanks again!

Nancy Ann Swinney
Lee, Florida

Tragic Glamor Girls

When I read your recent story, "Is Lana Guilty?", I couldn't help but wonder—do all Hollywood glamor girls have to make such tragic headlines time after time? I wasn't thinking only of Lana but of them all—Harlow, Monroe, Mansfield, Hayworth, Taylor, Ekberg, Bergman—and on and on.

If these and other glamor girls were to take a lesson in behaving themselves, I could nominate as a teacher, that number-one glamor girl of a few years ago: Betty Grable.

She began life in films even earlier than Lana. She trouped the country with bands and worked in night clubs before she was out of her teens, yet, she's never once made "bad" copy.

She was the all-time box-office star until the early fifties, yet, when the time came that movie roles were scarce, she graciously stepped down. Still, she wisely appears on television now and then to let us know she's around and just as beautiful as ever.

And through all this, she's managed to keep a husband and two lovely daughters happy for fifteen years!

Betty Grable is a glamor girl and a lady in every sense of the word. How tragic that more of Hollywood's lovely women can't be labeled the same.

Mrs. R. Chaney
Massillon, Ohio

Stars to Remember

I wish to show Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood my appreciation for telephoning me when I was in the hospital.

I wrote to Natalie while I was in the hospital, then, when she and Bob came to New York on their honeymoon they called me up while I was in a convalescing home. I was so happy. I don't know how to show my thanks to my favorite actress and her husband.

Thank you again, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner. God Bless you both!

Mary Ann Rizzuto
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P.S. I think they're wonderful people! Don't you?

Sure do!—Ed.

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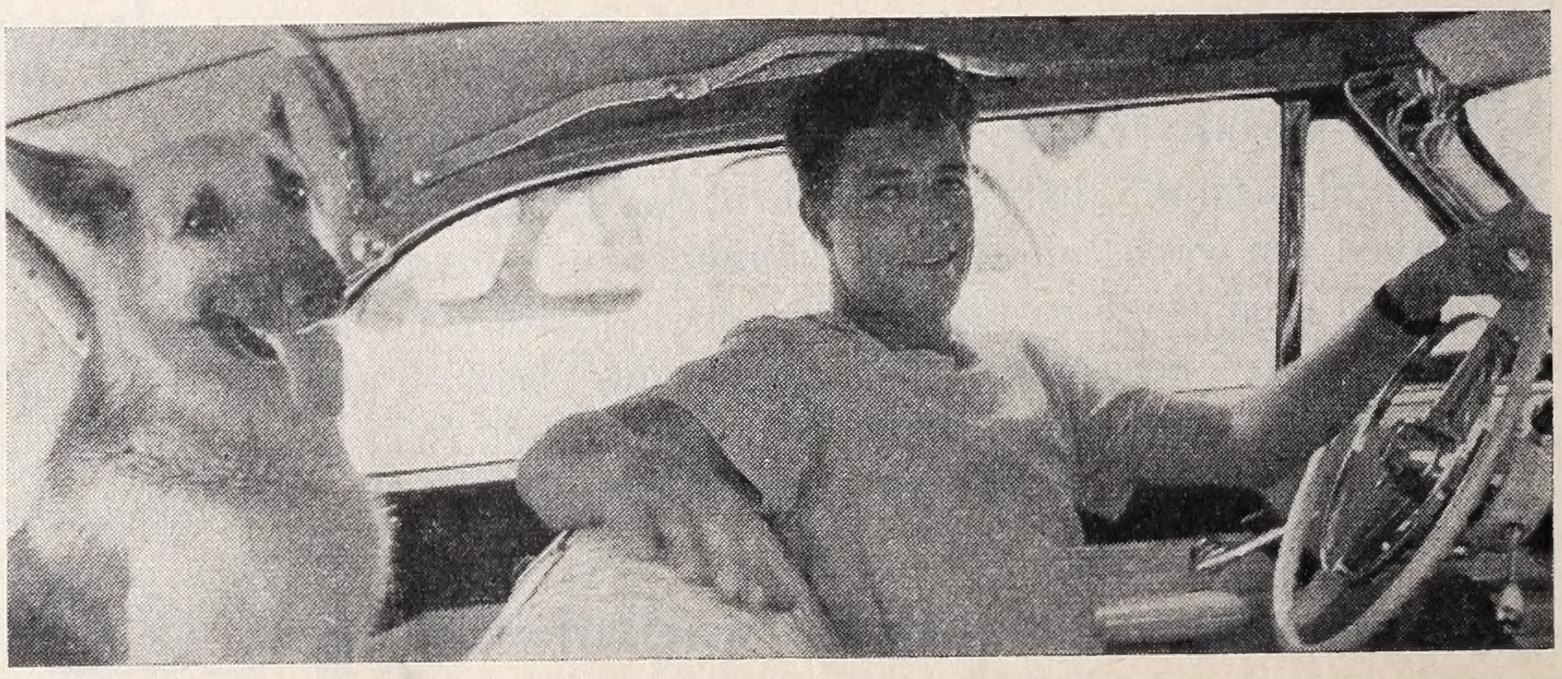

Dale's graciousness wins him a warm invitation to return to North Carolina

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!

SANDRA DEE, lovely star of **"THE WONDERFUL YEARS,"** a Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her shining curls! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—The favorite of 4 out of 5 top movie stars—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

LUSTRE-CREME · NEVER DRIES · IT BEAUTIFIES!

READERS INC.

continued

Birthday Treat from Paul

I am writing this letter to tell Photoplay and its readers what a very nice person I think Paul Anka is.

On my daughter's thirteenth birthday I took her to a rock 'n' roll show at one of our local theaters but first we stopped to have dinner at a restaurant close to the theater. While we were eating, in walked the performers in the show, one of whom was Paul Anka. My daughter asked for his autograph and told him it was her birthday. He gave it to her and got the rest of the performers to sign theirs, too.

When our meal was finished, a cake was brought in for my daughter. When Paul saw it coming, he had all the boys get up and sing "Happy Birthday" to my girl. She was thrilled.

I don't think there are many performers who would take the time or trouble to do this for a complete stranger.

MRS. PAT GRAY
Seattle, Wash.

Great Man

I really liked your story on Dick Clark. He's a really great man. He is a busy man, too. He helps everyone he can, answers most of his fan mail himself and gives time to his family that some people wouldn't who are no more busy than he is. And in spite of being so busy, he still has time to help kids with their problems—problems that some people don't think are really problems, just something to waste their time. It's no wonder that kids and grown-ups, too, all over the world, admire him.

JEANETTE KIRK
Midway, Tenn.

Good for George!

Dear George Nader:

When I read your article in Photoplay I was shocked. I was so pleasantly surprised I decided to write this letter. (And it takes a really *great* surprise to get me to do any letter-writing!)

Here was an article that was written in frankness and with refreshing intelligence by a star who hadn't been married four times, knew what he was looking for and expressed it with humor and warmth.

I agree with you in thinking that quality is the most important ingredient in a film, that swimming is the most wonderful sport (especially when you look good in a bathing suit!) and that a person doesn't "fall" but rather "grows" in love. I also think the world needs individuality to keep it advancing. . . .

BARBARA GOLDBERG
Massapequa Park, N. Y.

I have just read George Nader's article "Are You the Girl I'm Looking For?" in Photoplay and I had to write and say—"three cheers for George!" for having the courage to be absolutely honest instead of just saying something that he felt his fans wanted to hear. In fact, I bet he just made a lot of new ones.

There must be other stars who would follow in his footsteps. How about it?

A. PUCCIO
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Material Gone Wrong

I'm writing because I believe this column is for readers to express their likes and dislikes of movies, stars, etc.

I have just seen "Marjorie Morningstar" and I would like to know why, why did Herman Wouk ever let them change the ending of his book!

The original ending was Oscar material but what they put on the screen was bla! Anyone who has read the book will know what I mean. They also left out some of the most dramatic scenes and one of the most colorful characters—the mysterious fellow who is involved in espionage whom Marjorie meets on the ship.

Natalie Wood never looked prettier but she was just playing Natalie.

This could have been a very outstanding picture if they had only kept some of the humor and drama—especially the ending. As is, I found it mediocre and disappointing.

I. M. C.
Long Beach, Calif.

On the Other Hand . . .

I just saw "Marjorie Morningstar" and thought it the most magnificent film I ever saw. The acting was superb. Natalie Wood was so right in trying hard to get the role. Gene Kelly was so good as *Noel*.

I don't mind telling you that I must have cried a bucketful. The picture was marvelous. I wish I could congratulate everyone on the staff of the picture.

MICHELE STITT
Kansas City, Mo.

A Wonderful Tonic

I've been reading Photoplay since I was in the ninth grade. I had Debbie Reynolds' hair-do for my Senior Prom and bought a bracelet like Natalie Wood's and a bathing suit like Molly Bee's for this summer. Yes, I've enjoyed seeing the up-to-date fashions and bought the ones I liked.

Your magazine is the next thing to the evening paper. I'm nineteen years old, graduated from high school in '56 and am married a year this summer. I still and always will have Photoplay in every room—old issues and new. Your magazine is the "quickest" on news, fashions and Hollywood stars.

May you have the best of luck and success for giving me this wonderful "tonic," your wonderful Photoplay!

A PHOTOPLAYER
Washington, D. C.

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Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.

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FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV

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INSIDE STUFF

Personal Spoutings: **Diane Varsi's** pixie-like getting away from everyone, by way of cabin-in-the-ravine bit, sans telephone or address, seems rather ridiculous in this day and age. It's fine to seek peace and quiet, but to take off to yon and faraway canyons where neither her studio nor friends can penetrate is a bit much, isn't it? . . . **Jeff Morrow** is one of the most understanding actors in town. With the variety of "Jeffs" in the business—**Jeff Chandler, Jeff Richards, Jeff Hunter and Jeff Hayden**—Mr. Morrow neither pouts nor shouts when mistaken for one of the others. I know. He forgave me . . . I'm weary of Hollywood's Angry Young Men yapping at Hollywood, at studios, at producers, at salaries, at loan-outs. These so-called intellectuals who a short time before in New York were making from $250 to $350 on TV and now reap movie salaries right purty to behold are becoming a bore. To veterans who have endured exactly the same trials and tribulations throughout their long, hard climb upward—**Clark Gable, Cary Grant, John Wayne, Bill Holden** and today, **Rock Hudson**—the yappings of these comparative newcomers must seem like the bleating of so many puppies after something they haven't as yet earned. At least, that's my opinion.

Talk of the town: **George Sanders** gaily riding the boulevards in the Mercedes-Benz given his ex-wife **Zsa Zsa Gabor** by **General Trujillo.** Obviously, Zsa Zsa believes in passing along a good thing to make room for more goodies.

Overseas Tidbits: **Rossellini** is quietly seeing **Anna Magnani** again. Roberto and Anna were quite an item before Bergman moved in . . . And very much on the QT, one hears that **Ava Gardner** cooked up a batch of spaghetti for **Frank Sinatra** during his European trek. These two should have one theme song: "I Saw You Last Night and Got That Old Feeling." . . . French charmer **Noelle Adams** has penned her signature on a **Gene Kelly** contract and etched her name even deeper on the Kelly heart. Watch these two! . . . Stork rumors linger around **Sophia Loren** and **Carlo Ponti.** Friends who know how Sophia cares for home, family and peace, and how badly she craves a rest from movie-making, hope it's true . . . **Bill Holden's** insatiable longing to be "a part of the world and its peoples" has carried him over 55,000 miles in the last few months. Home again, Bill is restless to be off, to be on the go, to explore new places and meet new people. Hollywood just can't understand a man like Bill Holden, who has a charming wife, family, home and wealth. And still can't stand still. It's the Holden nature, I guess.

Apple of Adams' Eye: That "always the best man but never a groom" tag may no longer apply to **Nick Adams** in the near future. The reason: cute **Kathy Nolan,** of ABC-TV's "The Real McCoys." Kathy claims engagement items about her and Nick were premature, but she admits that on a short visit to New York, she talked to Nick on the phone four times a day. So—how serious can you get?

continued

It's grand to see Marilyn Monroe again. She loves role in "Some Like It Hot"

Heading for a wedding? Looks that way for Nick Adams and Kathy Nolan

Friends hope stork rumors about Sophia Loren, Carlo Ponti are true

Love's Last Gasp: It's the newest, the latest, the last gasp in true love's devotion—**Bob Wagner** and **Natalie Wood's** new "his" and "hers" haircuts. When Bob submitted to a crew cut for his role in "In Love and War," Natalie instantly had her abundant tresses trimmed short in the chic bubble cut. Two heads with but a single thought: to be closely allied in every way possible. Even haircuts . . . And the new butler in the Wagner-Wood abode loves his job so well he shows up at nine every morning instead of the specified noon hour, just to cook the kids' breakfast, which is served the happy couple in bed.

Romances-On and Off

Tommy Sands took his steady date, **Pat Mitchell,** to the opening night gala of his former sweetie, **Molly Bee,** at the Largo. All cozy and happy-like. Previously I'd glimpsed Tommy and Pat at Wil Wright's ice cream parlor, consuming caramel sundaes and tall glasses of iced tea. And holding hands between bites . . . **Jeff Richards** and his wife called off their divorce after a Court of Conciliation meeting. They feel more divorce-bound couples should take advantage of this Court and learn the meaning of marriage. "It's made me realize my obligations to myself, my marriage, and my wife," Jeff says . . . Seems **Bing Crosby's** marriage to **Kathy Grant** touched off a chain reaction in the Crosby clan. Now it's son **Gary** who is smitten with **Joan Crawford's** niece, **Joan Lowe.** Joan and Gary met on **Pat Boone's** TV show . . . **George Nader** returned from months of movie-making in Europe still restless, still seeking and still heart-free. At a recent party I watched George going from table to table as if on a feverish search for something or someone. Any suggestions, readers?

Liz Taylor's first public appearances since Mike Todd's death were to see their friend Eddie Fisher's night club act, announce movie plans with Mike, Jr.

Party of the Month

The Japanese lanterns cast silvery paths across the coral-laden pool of producer **Ross Hunter's** hilltop home as guests, in their summer finery, gathered to honor **Jerry Zipkin** of New York and Paris. Center of attraction was **Sandra Dee,** a dream in embroidered organdy and white fox capelet, her hair piled atop her head. "I asked Sandra to wear her hair that way," Ross explained, "to emphasize the resemblance between her and **Lana Turner.** What do you think?" I thought it remarkable, and can't imagine a lovelier mother-and-daughter pair than Sandra and Lana in the Ross Hunter production, "Imitation of Life."

Jill St. John, who switched to Lance Reventlow, switched back to Barry Coe

Is Joanna Barnes going to change Will Hutchins' mind on bachelorhood?

Tommy Sands has been doing lots of hand-holding with cute Pat Mitchell

Celebrating "Vertigo" hit, Jim Stewart and Kim tempt Alfred Hitchcock

After toasting newlyweds Dick Egan, Pat Hardy, Nat and Bob got clipped!

World-travelers David Niven and wife Hjordis are off again to Switzerland

I longed to ask **Inger Stevens** why the sudden lack of makeup. With nary a trace of powder or lipstick, Inger was scarcely recognizable. Perhaps a recent unhappy love affair may have had something to do with it. Shortly after, Inger fled Hollywood on a trip to Europe . . . At one point in the evening, I suddenly realized that, like a small island, I stood alone in a sea of fashion experts —**Edith Head** of Paramount, **Jean Louis** of Columbia, **Helen Rose** of M-G-M—names known all over the fashion world, Paris included, At my request, Helen passed on a fashion hint for you: Place a two-inch band of elastic in the hem of a very full-skirted frock, pull into a soft fullness, and sew at the hem to a straight underskirt. "And there you have a brand new harem dress," Helen explained, "so flattering to lovely legs." And so clever in transforming last year's dress into today's fashion, I might add. Incidentally, it was **Helen Rose**, you'll remember, who was with **Elizabeth Taylor** all through the ordeal of **Mike Todd's** death. She assures me that Elizabeth is losing herself in work, fortunately. She and **Mike Jr.** plan film-making soon.

Cal York Jottings

Hollywood, and the entire theatrical world, mourns the passing of **Robert Donat** after a long siege of illness. He had just finished a role in "Inn of the Sixth Happiness" when he was fatally stricken with an attack of asthma. He was one of the finest of actors and gentlemen . . . **Hugh O'Brian** wants out of his "Wyatt Earp" series. His new four-picture deal with 20th Century-Fox has made him restless, I suppose. But don't fret—knowing Hugh, he'll finish out his

continued

WHOSE?

Ty Hungerford (oops!—he's now Ty Hardin) squires Dolores Hart to fights

TV's Lee Anthony and Connie Stevens —looking very cozy on Mocambo date

The girl who puts that certain gleam in Tab Hunter's eye is Tuesday Weld

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can
reach

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INSIDE STUFF

continued

two-year TV contract before devoting himself exclusively to "moom pitchers." By the way, Hugh's "Friends Party" at New York's Scribe's Restaurant was a big success . . . Say goodbye to movie actor **Ty Hungerford,** and greet the same lad with his brand new TV name, **Ty Hardin.** Young Hardin is slated for **Clint Walker's** role in "Cheyenne" unless rebel Walker has a last-minute change of mind and returns to the series . . . Realtors finally placed **Pat Boone** and his family in a Hollywood home in which they'll live while Pat makes "Mardi Gras." The realtor telephoned Mrs. Boone about the house before they arrived, lauding the patios, the garden and swimming pool. "Never mind that," said **Shirley Boone.** "Has it got a washer, a dryer and a vacuum cleaner?" It had . . . **Elvis Presley,** on a recent Army pass, cut a new album which should bombard us before the snow flies . . . **Jim Arness** bought the ranch of his dreams down Malibu way and plans to stock it with Black Angus cattle . . . And **Dick Powell,** on his fifty-acre Mandeville Canyon estate, also has Black Angus cattle roaming the place —and scaring wife **June Allyson** out of her wits! . . . Good-looking **Bob Horton** of "Wagon Train" has a yen to spout Shakespeare, and does it very well. Alas, poor Horton, I knew him well, dear Wagon-Trainers . . . **Ty Power** and his pretty new wife, **Debbie,** are eagerly awaiting the arrival of a baby in February . . . And the **Kirk Douglases** are jubilant about the stork bundle delivered to their house—a second son, named Eric Anthony . . . Despite previous marital misfortunes, **Jack Webb** and **Jackie Loughery** blissfully took their vows—he for the third time, she for the second . . . See you next month!

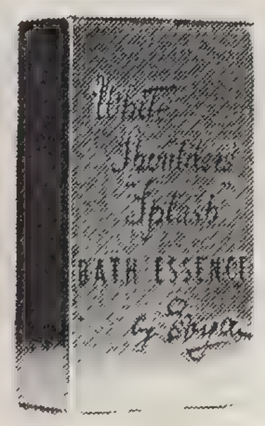
Anne and Kirk Douglas are bursting with pride over their new son, Eric

becoming attractions

A

B

C



D

E

A. *Top news: Breck Hair Set Mist now has new valve to diffuse spray over wider area, produce a finer mist and be held closer to the head*

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D. *For new, tousled bubble hairdos: Lady Ellen King Size Klippies. Long and curved to fit head, they set waves, hold rollers in place. Four, 29¢*

E. *Midol for relief of menstrual discomfort now comes in new large economy-size bottle, 30 tablets, 69¢, as well as purse-size tin of 12, 34¢*

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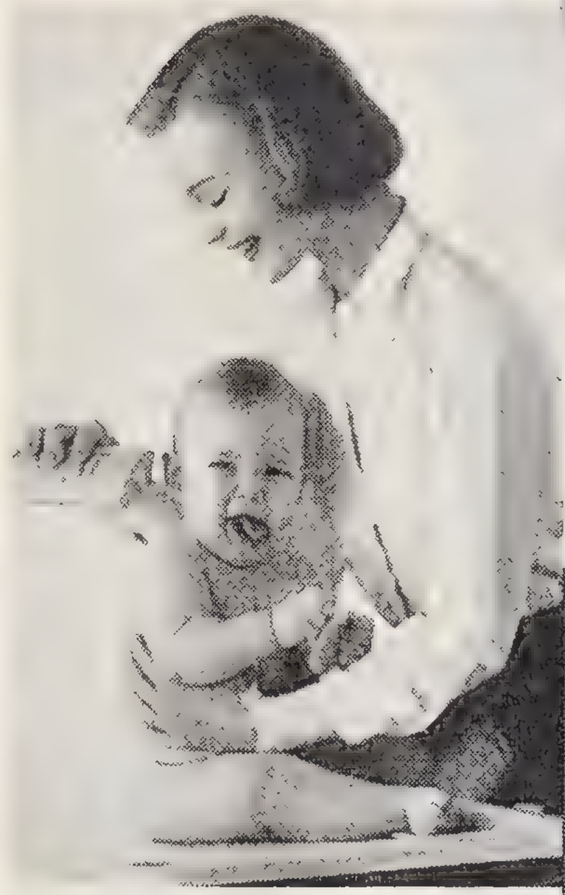

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at your favorite theater

The Key

COLUMBIA, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Much more than just another Italian beauty, Sophia Loren shows here she can hold her own even against William Holden's fine acting skill. They're teamed in a war story told with strength and tenderness. Bill arrives at an English port to take command of a seagoing tug, one of a brave fleet on 'round-the-clock rescue service for freighters crippled by Nazi subs or planes. These are almost suicide missions, but Bill's friend Trevor Howard finds off-duty comfort in a top-floor walk-up apartment shared with Sophia. Womanly and loving as this girl is, Bill realizes slowly that Trevor is merely the latest in a series of tugboat captains who have had the key to her attic haven. Even when Trevor is killed at sea—as her other men were—and Bill in his turn uses the fateful key, he still suspects at times that Sophia hasn't a moral to her name. Her real character unfolds in scenes of sharp emotional impact, with full frankness but without leers. And you'll find the combat sequences powerful and convincing.

ADULT

The Matchmaker

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Love *can* be a laughing matter! Shirley Booth, Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine prove it in this warm and winning comedy. The fun begins near New York of the 1880's, 'way out in the sticks—Yonkers. As an optimistic, comfortably built widow, Shirley B. pretends to promote altar-bound romances for others. But she really wants to snare pompous Paul Ford for herself, so she tries to steer him away from pert Shirley M., a milliner who hates hats. Tony and Robert Morse, his equally youthful pal, duck out on their miserable jobs in Paul's store for a fling in New York, where they find the milliner—and Tony loses his heart (top left). Then he's in and out of one scrape after another. Farce makes a cheerful change of pace for both Tony and Shirley B., and Shirley M. is a charmer in bustles and bows.

FAMILY

The Big Country

U.A.; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Yup, it's big! Easterner Gregory Peck gets pretty tired of being told that. As a former seaman, he has seen considerably wider open spaces than the old-time West. The movie's big, too—lavish with star names, rugged action, wild scenery and lusty laughs. Greg's come to marry ranch heiress Carroll Baker, daughter of tough Charles Bickford. But she's Daddy's girl, and she expects Greg to show off his manhood with gunfighting, bronco-busting and fisticuffs—all of which strike our hero as childishly unreasonable behavior. His viewpoint is neatly put across in his surprisingly comic slugging match with foreman Charlton Heston, who wants Carroll for himself. In likable contrast to the bloodthirsty and not very bright Carroll, Jean Simmons (below left) is the local schoolteacher, owner of land coveted by Bickford and by his hated neighbor, Burl Ives. For all his peaceable intentions, Greg gets caught smack in the middle of this feud as it explodes.

FAMILY

The Old Man and the Sea

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Spencer Tracy's strongest performance, far beyond his Academy Award winners, gives body to a respectful translation of Ernest Hemingway's brief novel. Much of its action takes place in Tracy's mind, as his ancient Cuban fisherman puts every resource into the fight to land a giant sailfish. The movie makes his lonely ordeal understandable and urgent, but the meaning is carried mostly by Tracy's voice on the sound track, expressing the old man's thoughts. His shrewd underplaying suits Hemingway's apparently simple writing. As the fisherman's devoted friend, little Felipe Pazos is appealing. Camerawork of virile beauty reflects the poetic elements in the struggle, with scenes you'll never forget.

FAMILY

The Hunters

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ In a fast, smashing air-action yarn, Roberts Mitchum and Wagner fight the Korean War, with striking shots of swooping jets and the shifting patterns of vapor trails. As commander of the base, Richard Egan welcomes Mitchum, fellow World War

continued

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THE HUNTERS

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In the wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

MOVIES *continued*

II hero, who—Egan thinks—is an "iceman," with no emotions. But Mitchum's feelings get the upper hand when he meets alluring May Britt, wife of neurotic flyer Lee Philips. Turning in a smart humorous-serious portrayal, Wagner's a fresh, bop-talking kid—who turns out to be a hot pilot and a good man to have around in a dangerous spot. FAMILY

Imitation General M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ After kidding the Navy in "Don't Go Near the Water," Glenn Ford lets the Army have it with this consistently funny tale of a mad masquerade. Oscar-winner Red Buttons plays it for laughs all the way this time, quietly getting the most out of the bright dialogue. In Normandy soon after D-Day, Glenn and Red are on a reconnaissance mission with Kent Smith, their beloved general. The officer's death leaves the two noncoms on their own. To Red's horror, sergeant Glenn decides to impersonate the general, in order to save the morale of cut-off troops. He sets up headquarters in the farmhouse where spirited Taina Elg lives. Glenn can't talk French; Taina can't talk English—but both get the message. FAMILY

Rock-a-Bye Baby PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ If there's anything cuter than Jerry Lewis, it's a baby. Jerry generously shares the spotlight with *three* infants in this lively, tuneful farce, as well as with two pretty babes, Marilyn Maxwell and Connie Stevens. The triplets belong to Marilyn, movie star widowed after a secret marriage. She's a hometown girl and Jerry's long-time passion, so he agrees to take care of the embarrassing, lovable trio for a while. As Marilyn's sister, Connie (who looks like a comer) suspects the truth about the "foundlings." It's a good-hearted movie, but some of the gags are pretty obstetrical for the family trade. ADULT

A Certain Smile 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ More likable than the young girl in "Bonjour Tristesse," the heroine of Françoise Sagan's second novel also is given to dramatizing herself, with deadly effect on older people. Christine Carere, wistful yet pert, is just right for this role of a French girl who is engaged to fellow college student Bradford Dillman. But she becomes infatuated with his uncle, Rossano Brazzi, and goes off for a Riviera holiday with the older man—even though his wife (Joan Fontaine) has befriended her. In spite of the lush backgrounds, it's a straightforward closeup of human weakness. ADULT

Voice in the Mirror U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Usually a competent but not very emotional hero of melodrama, Richard Egan springs a surprise in a realistic study of a commercial artist ruined by alcoholism. He makes you understand the man's terrible plight fully. When neither his wife (Julie London) nor doctor (Walter Matthau) can help him, Egan gropes for his own way out. Deciding finally that one drunk is helped by another, he works with middle-aged Arthur O'Connell, teenaged Troy Donahue and other victims to form a group like Alcoholics Anonymous. The picture tackles its frighteningly widespread problem without dramatics but with sympathy. ADULT

The Law and Jake Wade M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓ Dedicated to action, vigorous and uncomplicated, this effective western casts its heavy on a par with its hero, matching Richard Widmark against Robert Taylor. Desperado Dick pops up out of marshal Bob's past, in search of buried loot from a bank job they both pulled. With his gunmen, Dick kidnaps Bob and fiancée Patricia Owens. From then on, it's a duel of wits and weapons, in brooding, strange scenery. FAMILY

The Bravados 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ More pretentious but less interesting, this western sends rancher Gregory Peck in vengeful search of outlaws who attacked and killed his wife. He expects to relish seeing Stephen Boyd and three other bandits hanged, but this gang breaks out of the small-town jail and flees, with Greg riding ahead of the posse in pursuit. Joan Collins, merely decorative as an old sweetheart of Greg's, is certainly not vital to the plot. The picture is so baldly an old-fashioned chase that you know there's got to be a gimmick. It's a long time a'coming. ADULT

Wild Heritage U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ So you think a teenager's life in the Old West looked a lot more golden than today's? You should see this pioneer story of teenagers who are forced by frontier life to take on grown-up responsibilities in a big hurry. Even in their old-time outfits, you'll recognize spunky friends in Rod McKuen, Gary Gray and Gigi Perreau, children of widowed Maureen O'Sullivan. Between them and the young folks on the next farm (Judy Meredith, Troy Donahue) come up fights, brave cooperation—and romance. FAMILY

Twilight for the Gods U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ On Rock Hudson's strong shoulders falls the burden of a weak sea story—although there's irresistible suspense in the classic theme: an oddly assorted group of people trapped in dangerous circumstances. How will each meet the next test? Rock (who is eaten by a secret of his own) is the owner-skipper of a leaky sailing ship heading eastward across the Pacific. His passengers include a shady lady (Cyd Charisse), a preacher and a beachcomber (Ernest Truex and Richard Haydn), a showman and a singer (Leif Erickson and Judith Evelyn). FAMILY

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BIG COUNTRY, THE—U.A. Directed by William Wyler: *James McKay,* Gregory Peck; *Julie Maragon,* Jean Simmons; *Patricia Terrill,* Carroll Baker; *Steve Leech,* Charlton Heston; *Rufus Hannassey,* Burl Ives; *Major Henry Terrill,* Charles Bickford; *Buck Hannassey,* Chuck Connors; *Raymon,* Alfonso Bedoya.

BRAVADOS, THE—20th. Directed by Henry King: *Jim Douglas,* Gregory Peck; *Josefa Velarde,* Joan Collins; *Bill Zachary,* Stephen Boyd; *Ed Taylor,* Albert Salmi; *Lujan,* Henry Silva; *Emma,* Kathleen Gallant; *Tom,* Barry Coe; *Gus Steinmetz,* George Voskovec; *Sheriff Eloy Sanchez,* Herbert Rudley; *Alfonso Parral,* Lee Van Cleef; *Padre,* Andrew Duggan.

CERTAIN SMILE, A—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Luc,* Rossano Brazzi; *Françoise,* Joan Fontaine; *Bertrand,* Bradford Dillman; *Dominique,* Christine Carere; *M. Vallon,* Eduard Franz; *Mme. Vallon,* Katherine Locke; *Mme. Griot,* Kathryn Givney; *Denis,* Steven Geray; *Mme. Denis,* Trude Wyler; *Catherine,* Sandy Livingston.

IMITATION GENERAL—M-G-M. Directed by George Marshall: *M/Sgt. Murphy Savage,* Glenn Ford; *Corp. Chan Derby,* Red Buttons; *Simone,* Taina Elg; *Corp. Terry Sellers,* Dean Jones; *Brig. Gen. Charles Lane,* Kent Smith; *Pvt. Orville Hutchmeyer,* Tige Andrews; *Lt. Jeff Clayton,* John Wilder; *Pfc.,* Ralph Votrian.

KEY, THE—Columbia. Directed by Carol Reed: *David Ross,* William Holden; *Stella,* Sophia Loren; *Chris Ford,* Trevor Howard; *Captain Van Dam,* Oscar Homolka; *Van Barger,* Carl Mohner; *Kane,* Kieron Moore; *Wadlow,* Bernard Lee; *Housekeeper,* Beatrix Lehmann; *Hotel Porter,* Noel Purcell.

LAW AND JAKE WADE, THE—M-G-M: Directed by John Sturges: *Jake Wade,* Robert Taylor; *Clint Hollister,* Richard Widmark; *Peggy,* Patricia Owens; *Ortero,* Robert Middleton; *Rennie,* Henry Silva; *Wexler,* De Forest Kelley.

MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount. Directed by Joseph Anthony: *Mrs. Dolly Levi,* Shirley Booth; *Cornelius Hackl,* Anthony Perkins; *Irene Malloy,* Shirley MacLaine; *Horace Vandergelder,* Paul Ford; *Malachi Stack,* Wallace Ford; *Barnaby Tucker,* Robert Morse; *Minnie Fay,* Perry Wilson; *Joe Scanlon,* Russell Collins.

OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—Warners. Directed by John Sturges: *The Old Man,* Spencer Tracy; *The Boy,* Felipe Pazos; *Martin,* Harry Bellaver.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY—Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Clayton Poole,* Jerry Lewis; *Carla Naples,* Marilyn Maxwell; *Sandy Naples,* Connie Stevens; *Salvatore Naples,* Baccaloni; *Henry Herman,* Reginald Gardiner; *Mr. Wright,* Hans Conried; *Bessie Polk,* Ida Moore; *Young Clayton,* Gary Lewis; *Young Carla,* Judy Franklin; *Mrs. Van Cleve,* Isobel Elsom; *Judge Jenkins,* Alex Geary.

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS—U-I. Directed by Joe Pevney: *Bell,* Rock Hudson; *Charlotte,* Cyd Charisse; *Ramsay,* Arthur Kennedy; *Hutton,* Leif Erickson; *Yancey,* Charles McGraw; *Butterfield,* Ernest Truex; *Wiggins,* Richard Haydn; *Old Brown,* Wallace Ford; *Ida,* Celia Lovsky; *Keim,* Robert Hoy.

VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: *Jim Burton,* Richard Egan; *Ellen Burton,* Julie London; *William Tobin,* Arthur O'Connell; *Dr. Leon Karnes,* Walter Matthau; *Paul Cunningham,* Troy Donahue; *Harry Graham,* Harry Bartell; *Paul's Mother,* Peggy Converse; *Mrs. Devlin,* Ann Doran; *Mrs. Robbins,* Mae Clarke; *Don Martin,* Casey Adams; *Mr. Hornsby,* Hugh Sanders.

WILD HERITAGE—U-I. Directed by Charles Haas: *Judge Copeland,* Will Rogers, Jr.; *Emma Breslin,* Maureen O'Sullivan; *Dirk Breslin,* Rod McKuen; *Rusty,* Casey Tibbs; *Callie Bascomb,* Judy Meredith; *Talbot Breslin,* George Winslow; *Hugh Breslin,* Gary Gray; *Missouri Breslin,* Gigi Perreau; *Jesse Bascomb,* Troy Donahue; *Jake Breslin,* Paul Birch; *Arn,* John Barradino; *Jud,* Phil Harvey; *Bolivar Bascomb,* Stephen Ellsworth; *Mrs. Bascomb,* Jeannette Nolan; *Hilda Jansen,* Ingrid Goude.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE—Paramount, VistaVision: Effective "woman's picture." In England of 1945, memories of a dead man link his sweetheart (Lana Turner) and widow (Glynis Johns). (A) July

✓✓✓✓ FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast, thoughtful western teams newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. Cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes quarry in a revenge-ridden chase, is befriended by Diane. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ GIGI—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lots of charm and gorgeous Parisian settings distinguish a fine musical. Demure teenager of 1900, Leslie Caron is groomed to be some rich man's pet. Louis Jourdan wins her heart, but Maurice Chevalier steals the show. (A) June

✓✓✓ GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a daughter. (A) June

✓✓✓ GUNMAN'S WALK—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Strong character development, good suspense. Tough rancher Van Heflin is baffled by his sons: gun-happy Tab Hunter, gentle James Darren. (F) August

✓✓✓ HOT SPELL—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a wife who strives to hold straying Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

✓✓✓ INDISCREET—Warners, Technicolor: Gabby but funny romantic caper pairs Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman as partners in a mad London affair. Cary tells actress Ingrid he's married, but his secret comes out. Her reaction is hilarious. (A) August

✓✓✓ KING CREOLE—Paramount, VistaVision: Presley's best so far, full of rhythm and action, casts him as a New Orleans boy whose night-club job entangles him with gangland girl Carolyn Jones, though he loves Dolores Hart. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ KINGS GO FORTH—U.A.: Startling drama, presented with compassion, acted with honesty. As GI pals in France of 1944, both Tony Curtis and Frank Sinatra are drawn to Natalie Wood, American girl who is half Negro, she reveals. (A) August

✓✓✓ LIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Refreshing story of youth in America of 1764. James MacArthur's loyalties waver between his white parents and the Indian tribe that stole and raised him. Carol Lynley is a pretty bond slave; Fess Parker, a friend. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ NAKED EARTH—20th, CinemaScope: Hearty, witty adventure tale, set deep in Africa. Richard Todd, footloose Irishman, teams with voluptuous yet practical Juliette Greco in tobacco-farming, crocodile-hunting—and love. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS—Warners: Bubbling blend of fun and sense. Backwoodsman Andy Griffith shatters the morale of Air Force superiors with his cheerful innocence. Nick Adams is an earnest pal protected by Andy. (F) August

✓✓✓ PARISIENNE, LA—U.A., Technicolor: Flip French farce gives a generous view of sexy Brigitte Bardot. Suspecting bridegroom Henri Vidal of infidelity, she plays around with Charles Boyer, bored consort of a European queen. (A) August

✓✓✓ PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing onscreen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SHEEPMAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Breezy, highly entertaining western finds Glenn Ford intent on raising sheep in cattle country. Shirley MacLaine is a delight. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th, CinemaScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family. Father Gary Cooper, wed to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ THIS HAPPY FEELING—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a smart, sassy farce, Debbie Reynolds wavers between sophisticated Curt Jurgens, her boss, and John Saxon, the boy next door. (A) July

✓✓✓ TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, A—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Attractive newcomers John Gavin and Lilo Pulver are appealing lovers in the Gestapo-haunted Germany of 1944. (A) August

✓✓✓ VIKINGS, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Roaring, gory yarn of those old-time sea raiders. Slave Tony Curtis loves princess Janet Leigh, who is captured by Kirk Douglas, son of Viking ruler Ernest Borgnine. Eye-filling spectacle. (F) August

✓✓✓ YOUNG LAND, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: In a forceful western, sheriff Pat Wayne romances Yvonne Craig and tries to keep killer Dennis Hopper from escaping—or being lynched. (F) August

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new twice-a-year Pin-it

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summer love

a 19 *page bonus section*

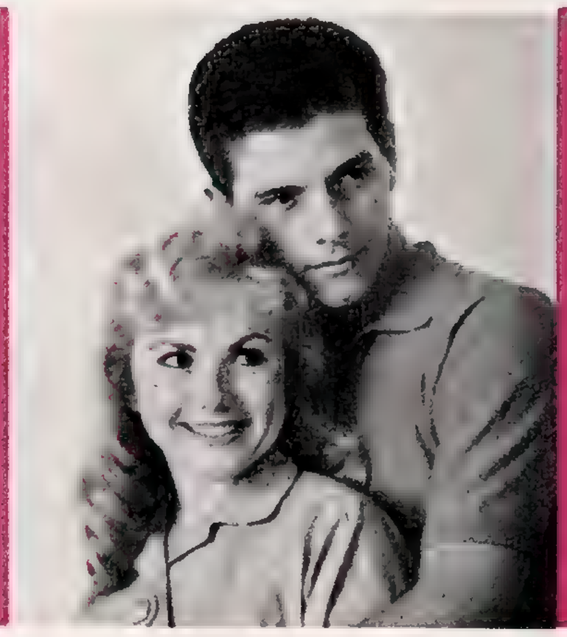
the flowering of summer love

MEETING that certain someone . . .

6 WAYS TO ROPE IN A SUMMER ROMANCE
(Dolores Hart, George Nader, Cary Grant, Hugh O'Brian, Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Mark Damon) **Pages 27-30**

DISCOVERING one another . . .

MY FIRST REAL DATE
(Sandra Dee) . . . . . **Pages 31-35**



FALLING head over heels . . .

"HEY! WE'RE ENGAGED"
(Peter Brown and Diane Jergens) **Pages 36-37**

PROMISING to love forever . . .

". . . WITH THIS RING I THEE WED"
(Dick Egan and Pat Hardy) . . . . . **Pages 38-41**

SHARING all that life holds . . .

THE FIRST YEAR IS THE WACKIEST!
(Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence) **Pages 42-43**

George Nader, Cary Grant, Hugh O'Brian, Tony Curtis,

Rock Hudson and Mark Damon tell Dolores Hart

6 WAYS TO ROPE IN THAT SUMMER ROMANCE

Romance, this season, has busted out all over, and is in full blossom. In Hollywood, love is in the air, and we have a hunch it might have bitten you. We hope your summer romance is progressing like a dream. But whether August finds it blooming or bursting at the seams, this article is for you. Whether you want to revive it, repair it or let it remain as is, read on . . . Summertime's the time for change, and the tips of the stars can help you make one, and soon.

First, we asked Dolores Hart if she could help. "I'll try," she answered, "although my current romances are leftovers from spring. Haven't had much time this summer for vacationing. But," and her brow furrowed slightly while she tried to think up a solution for us, "I have an idea," she brightened. "Let's call on the experts . . . the men themselves."

A good idea, we agreed, and together we made our list of six stars—each an entirely different male type. "If *their* ideas don't help guide a girl figuring out the best approach to her young man," Dolores added, "there's no future for any of us, I'm afraid." (*continued*)

DOLORES' SWIMSUIT BY LEE BEACHWEAR

HUGH O'BRIAN

CARY GRANT

GEORGE NADER

GEORGE NADER: "Just be
yourself—that's what I like."

CARY GRANT: "Don't chatter—
listen to what he has to say, too."

HUGH O'BRIAN: "Be cool—
make the boy think *he's* chasing *you*."

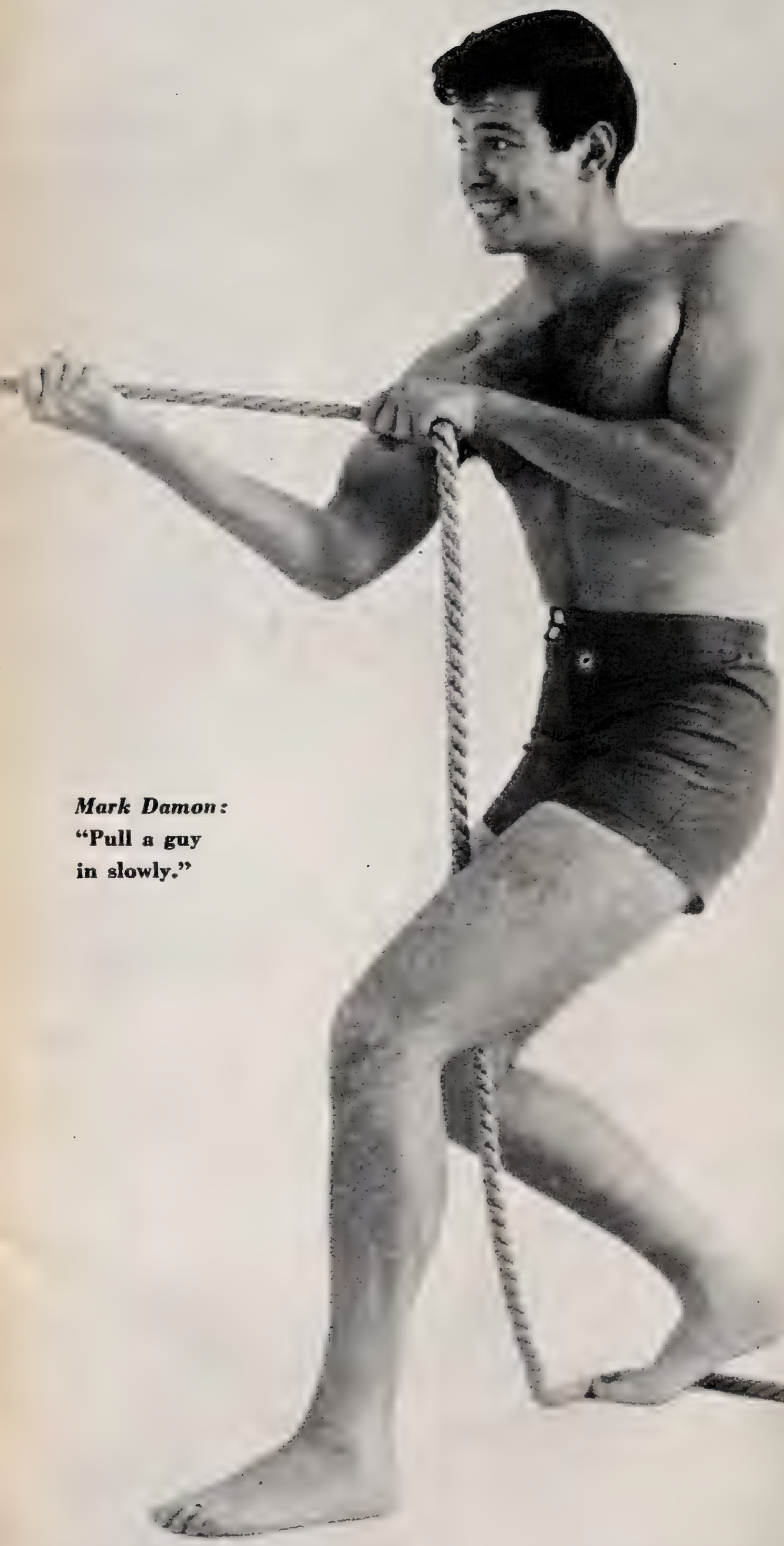
TONY CURTIS: "Keep him guessin'
—like Janet did to me."

ROCK HUDSON: "Gals who
play hard to get are not for me."

continued

6 WAYS TO ROPE IN THAT SUMMER ROMANCE

continued



Mark Damon: **"Pull a guy in slowly."**

Wake Up to Reality

"As for my ideas," Dolores continued, "reality is the biggest hurdle a summer romance must survive. You know, summer's a magic wand, tomorrow doesn't exist, love is in the air and who can resist the lazy charm of soft winds and a full moon—all that stuff. But," she laughed, "as sure as summer fades into September, so often does that rosy glow that made HIM the most attractive man on the shore fade when you see him in city tie and jacket. I'll never forget my lifeguard hero of one summer, and my big shock when I saw him in the city—in a suit and conventional tie! Whee! One romantic illusion gone."

So now's the time, taking a cue from Dolores, for you to take a hard, clear look at your summer romance. Disillusioned at what you now see? If so, read no further. But if you've discovered new things that make him even more terrific, go on. And in any event, all it takes is September to bring you and your summer romance back to earth and everyday life.

"And surprisingly," concluded Dolores, "once you're down to earth again, a summer romance isn't much different from any other, I've discovered. A girl follows through in much the same way as in any other season."

Prepare for Competition

Yes, the rules for roping in a summer romance are good for any time. Take competition. Every romance faces it in one form or another. Like competition from other girls.

"Winning a campaign requires careful study of the opposition," laughed Mark Damon, when we asked him about this. "Taking a guy for granted is a girl's biggest (*Continued on page* 95)

Sandra Dee felt like singing out loud:

His name is Johnny Wilder.

Blond hair, green eyes—real great.

He's cute and smooth, but best of all he's

MY FIRST REAL DATE

MY FIRST REAL DATE

continued

I asked Mother to meet John Wilder when he came—I wanted to make a grand entrance. But I can't resist peeking just a little

Golly, Mom's wonderful. She always says exactly the right thing. I'm so nervous I can't talk a bit!

For Sandra Dee, who became sweet sixteen April 23rd, this past June was indeed a memorable one. On Sunday, June 2nd, to be exact, Sandy had her very first date! Let's go back to a Friday, nine days before, because that's when this story really starts.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Sandy left Universal-International, where she'd been all morning, going to school on the lot. Arriving home, she headed straight for her bedroom and dropped her textbooks on the nearest chair. She was thinking of going to the kitchen for a tall glass of iced orange juice when the telephone rang. Some girl-talk coming up, she thought. Reaching for it, she plopped herself across her bed and settled comfortably on the pink quilted spread. "Hello. Oh, hi Johnny," she said warmly. "How are you? . . . Me? I'm fine. Gee, I haven't seen you in months. How have you been? . . . Working hard? . . . I'm beat. I've finished 'The Wonderful Years' for U-I; I have five days before I start 'Gidget' over at Columbia and . . . Huh? A week from Sunday?" Sandy paused, reaching over for her red leather appointment book on the night stand. "Let's see. . . . That's June second. . . . I don't have a thing to do. . . . I mean, I'd love to go out with you! About six-thirty. Great. See you (*Continued*)

To cover my shyness, I asked, "Want to hear my records?" What a relief when he says, "These are my favorites, too!"

Guess I'm not too young to know the way to a man's heart—when I offer a snack, John's all smiles

How awful it would have been if we couldn't find a movie neither of us had seen. But here's one, luckily

Having dinner in swank Paris restaurants with Mom wasn't half so exciting as being in Hamburger Hamlet with my very first date! Let's see now, I mustn't be extravagant . . .

MY FIRST REAL DATE

continued

on Sunday, then. Thanks for calling. . . . 'Bye." That was a surprise!

Sandy pulled herself up off the bed and ran through the house out the kitchen door to her mother, who was in the sunny backyard, clearing a few weeds out of the rose bed.

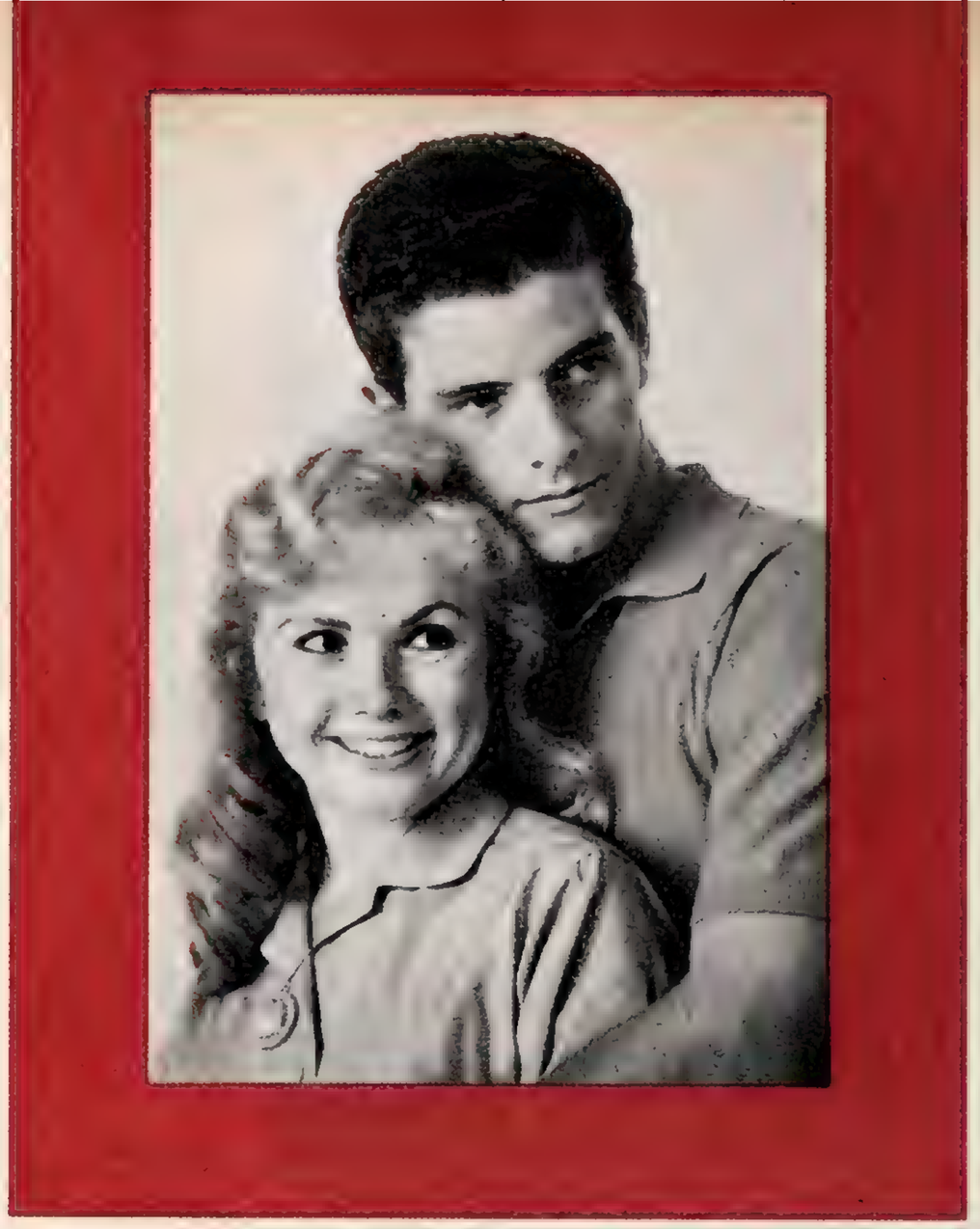
"Mommy, guess who just called me. Johnny Wilder. He asked me to go out with him a week from Sunday and I . . . I said yes!"

Sandy's mother, Mary Douvain, looking like a teenager herself in a plaid cotton dress and a perky Italian haircut, smiled (*Continued on page* 93)

I'm so glad I asked John to leave the top down. The moonlight's so romantic! Talking like this, you feel . . . close

"It was so dreamy, I'll never forget it," I tell Mom. She just smiles and says, "No, dear, you never will"

PETER BROWN
and
DIANE JERGENS:



"HEY! WE'RE ENGAGED"

Talk about Peter?" Diane Jergens said. "About our engagement? My favorite subjects." She settled into a comfortable big chair and rested her left hand on the arm very casually, so that a shaft of sunlight caught the diamond on the ring finger. Just turned twenty-one, she looked as fresh-faced and eager as a fourteen-year-old. "Ask me whatever . . . You mean Peter's going to answer *my* answers? But where is he?"

Two hours later, Peter Brown warily poised his rangy frame on the same chair. "You mean I get to talk back at her while she's not here? . . . Fine!" He leaned back and stretched out. "Now what did you ask her? What did she say about me? About us? Fire away!"

"How long have you known Peter?"

"We've gone together nine months and two weeks, steady. I've (*Continued on page* 78)

I LOVE YOU

Richard Egan will you take

Pat Hardy here present,

for your lawful wife according

to the rite of our holy Mother,

the Church? (I will)

I join you in matrimony

in the name of the Father

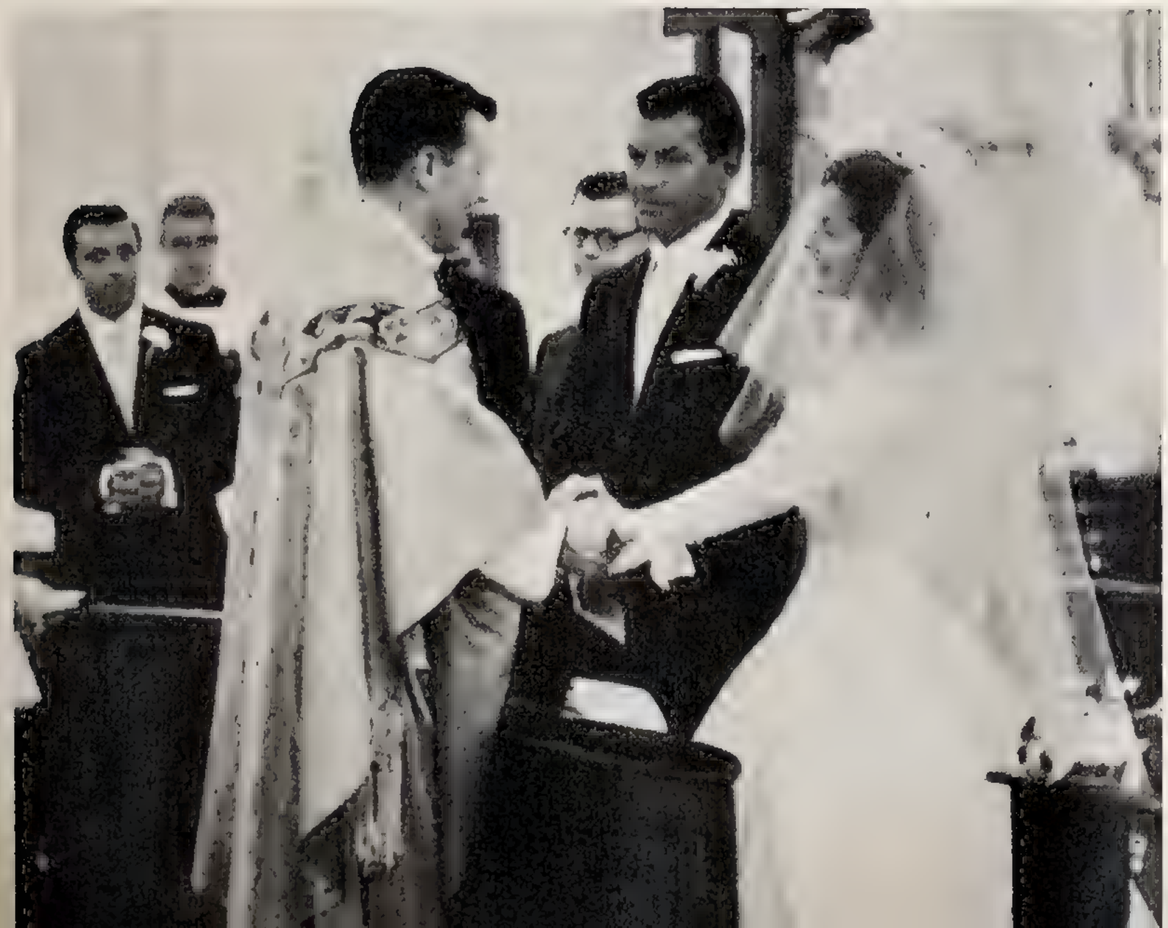
and of the Son, and of the

Holy Spirit. Amen...

Take and wear

this ring as a

pledge of my fidelity.



continued

May almighty God
bless you by
the Word of His
mouth, and unite
your hearts in the
bond of pure love

continued

May cares never cause you
distress, nor the desire
for earthly possessions
lead you astray; may
your hearts' concern be
for the treasures laid up
for you in the life of heaven

May the Lord grant you

fullness of years, so that

you may reap the harvest

of a good life...Amen

May you have true

friends to stand

by you, both in

joy and in sorrow

May you be blessed

in your children,

and may the love that

you lavish on them

be returned

8 WAYS TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED —

Couldn't we just put it on a table someplace?" Steve Lawrence asked hopefully, looking down at the clown-decorated tray reposing on the floor.

"Nope," his bride Eydie Gorme said firmly. "The dining room wall is where it's *supposed* to go on and the dining room wall is where it's *going* to go!"

"Oke, General," sighed Steve, "but let's have some teamwork this time. Just as I attach my stickum tape to the wall, you put yours on the back of the tray. Then when I yell 'now' you hoist the tray to me and I'll plaster it to the wall."

"That's what I call strategy!" mused Eydie as she got to work.

"Now!!" yelled Steve, whereupon Eydie tossed the tray and with a quick movement he attached it to the wall. It stuck. "Victory!" he yelled and jumped off the chair. The tray suddenly went "zoomph" and with a bang crashed to the floor.

Eydie began to giggle, tried to repress the giggle, couldn't. With a glassy look in his eyes, Steve gently picked the tray up and struck his wife neatly on top of the head. At (*Continued on page* 87)

by DOROTHY DAY

the first year is the wackiest!

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence

1 **Why not let him have the last word—after you've won your point**

2 **Be firm—sometimes. After all, every marriage needs a change of pace**

3 **Learn to cook—but not too well. (Remember, the only way to get a day off is to eat out)**

4 **Do things together—then there's no one to blame**

5 **If separated by distance keep the heart close**

6 **If he hits you with a tray—hit him back**

7 **Laugh at his jokes—even if you remember distinctly that you told them to him first**

8 **Let him be master of his home—but don't ever let him know you're afraid (even if you are) of him**

THIS IS THE QUESTION DEBORAH MUST ANSWER:

What does a woman do when, to keep her children, she must lose her husband?

It was one of those incredibly lovely English days, when the sun comes out to banish the last wisps of fog with its brightness. On the deserted beach, it shimmered on the gently rolling waves, and turned the wide stretch of sand to a dazzling white.

Deborah Kerr sighed, and smiled. Oh, it was so good to be away from everything, from everyone. Away from the hounding reporters with their endless questions. *Are you going to divorce Tony Bartley, Miss Kerr? Is it true that you are in love with Peter Viertel? What about your children, Miss Kerr?*

Her smile faded, and the pain that lay heavily in her heart welled up to choke her throat and flood her eyes. Why couldn't they leave her alone? Couldn't they see that this was tearing her apart?

She had to come here, to be alone for just a little while. To think. To weigh. To decide. Away from Tony. Away from Peter.

Away from the hubbub of picture-making on the M-G-M set in Vienna. *Ready, Miss Kerr? Just one more take, Miss Kerr!* "'The Journey!'" she thought. "What a sardonic title! What a dreadful journey it has been for me!"

She thought of another journey . . . and tears coursed down her cheeks, to fall unheeded and mingle with the waves that lapped at her bare feet. It was to have been such a happy trip. Just a few short weeks ago—it seemed like years now—she (*Continued on page* 91)

by JEAN LEWIS

NEW!
Dick's first
monthly column for
PHOTOPLAY

"HELP"

Dick Clark

says

"I'm being invaded

by (blushing)

PURPLE PEOPLE EATERS!"

Wow! What a great birthday present I've just received! Just on the first birthday anniversary of ABC-TV's "American Bandstand"—as if all of us weren't already jumpin' with joy over the memorable milestone—Photoplay ups and asks us to write a monthly column for you, because of your great response to the "Bandstand" and to the Photoplay story on me a few months back.

During the coming months, I'll try to be a sort of Big Brother-Father Confessor-Listening Post all in one. We'll sound off on lots of things: dating, dancing, party ideas, popularity, dress, and natch, lots about music. The kids with whom I come in contact daily on the "Bandstand" will, of course, let me know what they want me to gab about in Photoplay, and I'm hoping you, too, will write and offer some suggestions.

And speaking of suggestions, first request in the suggestion box this month, to kick off the column with, is for a pinpoint of the big events lately in the world of pop music. Well, it's been quite a year for us. Twelve singing, swinging months on the "Bandstand" . . . Sal Mineo's birthday party (what a shindig that was—Sal says he hasn't recovered yet!), Sheb Wooley's "Purple People Eater" (yipes!—did you know that on a popularity poll it jumped from twenty-third to first place in two weeks? And out in Hollywood, an ice cream parlor is even featuring plum nut ice cream for little Purple People Eaters). Then, there were the visits from Hugh O'Brian of "Wyatt Earp" fame, and "Maverick's" Jim Garner; the dance contests—so very, very much in this, the year one on the "Bandstand." Hope you've enjoyed it. I really have. It's all been fun. Including the mail. That mail brings us some mighty strange trophies to go up on our walls. Stuffed alligators, life preservers, giant postcards with thousands of names on them. Our postman really gets a workout. You know, I can't get over the things our fans can dream up for some of the songs we play. When the "Purple People Eater" was a regular feature, we received hundreds of drawings showing what you thought a "Purple People Eater" must look like. I'm sure that one of them must be right. They come in all shades—including red. Very appropriate—they *should* blush at eating people!

Did I say "fun?" Well, if you don't believe me ask our neighbors, The Four Aces. Did you know they're from the Philadelphia area, our home base? What a (*continued*)

story they can spin—on me! You might remember that they were on our show not too long ago. There they were, singing up a real tornado when—just like that—suddenly the set disappeared behind them. Consternation in the studio? The audience went wild. Was my face red! But the boys didn't lose a note when the scenery fell down.

If you think I'm throwing you a curve, then listen to this. A few days later one of our guest stars (I couldn't reveal his name) told us he had caught that show and liked the *tricky background* we had used for The Four Aces. His request? Would we use the same bit for him? We flipped, naturally, and then with straight faces we assured him that "due to technical difficulties" we couldn't. Who can make the same mistake twice? We bowed out gracefully by promising we'd do it the next time he came back. Question, Mr. Guest Star: Are we forgiven for this fast shuffle?

Speaking of red faces, our doorman sure was left with one recently. Laurie London was due to hit town for a personal appearance on "American Bandstand." "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" was the number one song across the country, but our doorman had never heard of it or Laurie. He found out that day. In fact, he admitted nine fellows claiming to be Laurie before the real one came along with his parents and guides. You can imagine the predicament when all the so-called Lauries were left facing the real one—and each other—inside the studio.

Ever think for a minute the gals let the guys get ahead of them? Never! Tony Perkins will be amazed to know that the time he visited us, three charming young misses were scattered throughout the stands after impressing the guards at the doors with the news that they were "Mrs. Tony Perkins." You have to give them credit for fast-thinking.

Things can work in reverse, too. The Four Lads can tell you that. They almost didn't make the show one day because when they were coming in through the performer's entrance one zealous doorman thought they were just using the name to get in and do some dancing. After much-to-do, the Lads managed to get our producer, Tony Mammarella, on the scene, and lead them to the studio. The Lads really got a charge out of this one, although it did shake up our doorman for a few days. Those poor doormen!

Things like this don't always happen to *others*. As you can guess, they also happen to *me*. There was one night when I was on my way back to Philadelphia from New York, and I noticed some fellow train-riders glancing my way and whispering. Thinking they had seen our show, I was a bit flattered when one came over with some scraps of paper and asked for my autograph. Putting on my best smile (I have them in various degrees) I signed "Best wishes, Dick Clark" on the first paper and handed it back. Leaning down to write the next one I almost fell to the floor of the train when the fellow said, "Dick Clark? We were sure you were Pat Boone." So help me. That's life, I guess.

One of my other moments came at a record dance I was holding not too far from Philadelphia. A goodly crowd was on hand, and after introducing some records and our guest stars I walked over to get a soda at a nearby stand. Leaning against a post, I was looking over the dance floor when I heard one girl say to another, "I dare you to ask Dick Clark to dance." The answer—I'll never forget it—was, "Oh, I wouldn't ask him. He's too old. Why, I'll bet he's twenty-five." Without wasting a minute I shuffled my twenty-eight-year-old toes out of earshot. After all, what's a guy going to do when he's reaching old age?

That's one thing I can vouch for. The younger generation can really keep you stepping around. They move pretty fast themselves, and I get a kick out of trying to stay in the swing.

When it comes to fast stepping on the dance floor you've got to stay with them every day, or man—you're liable to find yourself but lost. Tried the "Chalypso" lately? That's what I mean. Calypso records were real big. Then the Cha Cha Cha came along. Did it stop our valiant heroes and heroines? You know it didn't. Kenny Rossi, Pat Molitierra, Anne Malone, and the gang just went to work, and the next thing you know we had the "Chalypso" on "American Bandstand."

Same with some of the fast steps. Just a few days ago I asked Frank Lobis how he had come by the new step he was using. "New step?" he questioned.

"Yes, where you do that dip before you come together."

"Oh that," was Frank's rejoinder. "I hurt my knee in the softball game last week and just do that so I don't twist it again." As I retreated to the shelter of the podium, shaking my head, he called, "Dick, do you like that step? I guess I'll keep it after my knee gets better." Within three days—and this fractures me—all the fellows were doing the step. I ask you now, what's a guy going to do? Me? I guess I'll just watch from now on. But I'll still ask questions.

One I wish I'd not asked, was to good friend Tony Bennett:

Tony was introducing his newest release on the show, and while we were talking on the air Tony mentioned that he was then appearing in Brooklyn. Just then I got the cue to stand by for a station break along the network and with several things coming my way at once I was on Cloud 93. Real high. You can see that because my next question was: "Oh yes, and where is that?" Mercifully, the station break clipped off the uproar that followed. Tony was really broken up, too.

Everything hasn't been as crazy as that. We do have our sane moments. Indeed we do. One that made us happy was the note from the mother in Dallas, Tex. Enclosed was a copy of her daughter's final report card. All A's and B's. The explanation: Her daughter wanted to watch our show in the afternoons and do her home work at night. So Mom made a treaty with her. The deal would be fine if all of the girl's grades improved from B's and C's. They did, so we kept our fan. Good work, Joan. Believe me, we're honored.

It's that kind of notes spinning into our mail box that makes our show, your show.. I'm always amazed how many of you people are kind enough to sit down and just write telling us about your towns and your friends. You'd be amazed, too, at how much this helps. I'll bet a lot of our record stars today got their first push by someone like you—a friend or neighbor—passing the good word along to someone in the business. We're grateful for your letters. From them, we get an idea about the records you like—and the stars you want to hear. So write me at Photoplay. I'll be on hand every month from now on.

Dick

. . . The Four Aces . . . Tony Perkins . . . Laurie London . . . The Four Lads . . .

Tony Perkins probably wouldn't have been so much at ease, if he'd known three *"Mrs. Tony Perkinses" were present!*

This guy rocked the studio rafters. None other than Jerry Lee Lewis. I'll bet the beams are still vibrating

The Four Lads almost didn't make the show when our vigilant doorman had them pegged as The Four Gate-Crashers

One of the year's most touching high spots—Sal Mineo was really "shook up" by his birthday party tributes

why Bing and Kathy need this baby so much

It is late afternoon and while the Palm Desert sun struggles to keep a path across the large living room floor, a young woman sits on the sofa, her legs tucked up beneath her, her manner calm except for the few times she twists the slim golden wedding band on her finger.

The young woman is Kathryn Grant Crosby. Her husband is Bing Crosby. "He is away fishing," she explains. "I expect the baby in two months . . .

". . . The recent kidnap scare. I hope it doesn't upset Bing. I'm all right now. I prefer staying down here."

The Palm Desert home is one of five owned by her husband but she feels more comfortable here than in the main house in Holmby (*Continued on page* 90)

by CARYL POSNER

Why Debbie and Eddie are leaving Hollywood

by JAE LYLE

The exclusive Photoplay pictures you see opposite and on the following pages—the very first photos ever snapped of all four Fishers at home—are probably the last ones that will be taken of them in Hollywood for a long, long time. For if their plans work out according to schedule (that is, if Eddie recovers quickly from his appendicitis) it will be many, many months before Debbie, Eddie, little Carrie and baby Todd do anything more than pay a fast, hello-goodbye visit to their home in California.

Debbie and Eddie's reasons for leaving the Coast at this time are many and sensible. But, say their friends, these sensible reasons are not the only ones. The heart, too, has its reasons.

What are the heart's reasons? People who are very near to the Fishers, and who have seen great changes in them during the past few months, are convinced that their desire to get away from Hollywood is the direct result of the shock and grief they feel because of the death of their best friend, Mike Todd.

Debbie and Eddie have refused to speak about Mike's death and Liz Taylor's deep sorrow. When someone you love dies and someone else you love is shattered by the loss, you don't try to put your feelings into words. You mourn. You suffer. You re-examine your own life. You look deep into your own heart. You change. But always, you remember.

And Eddie and Debbie have changed. Out of tragedy their understanding of each other's problems has deepened, (*Continued on page* 84)

ON THE NEXT PAGE, A SPECIAL GIFT FROM DEBBIE AND EDDIE

we love

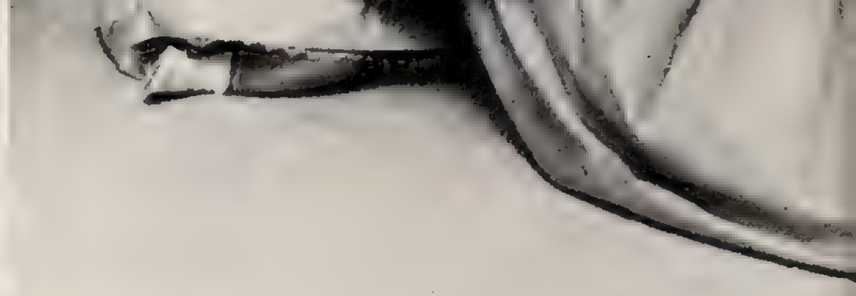
these pictures

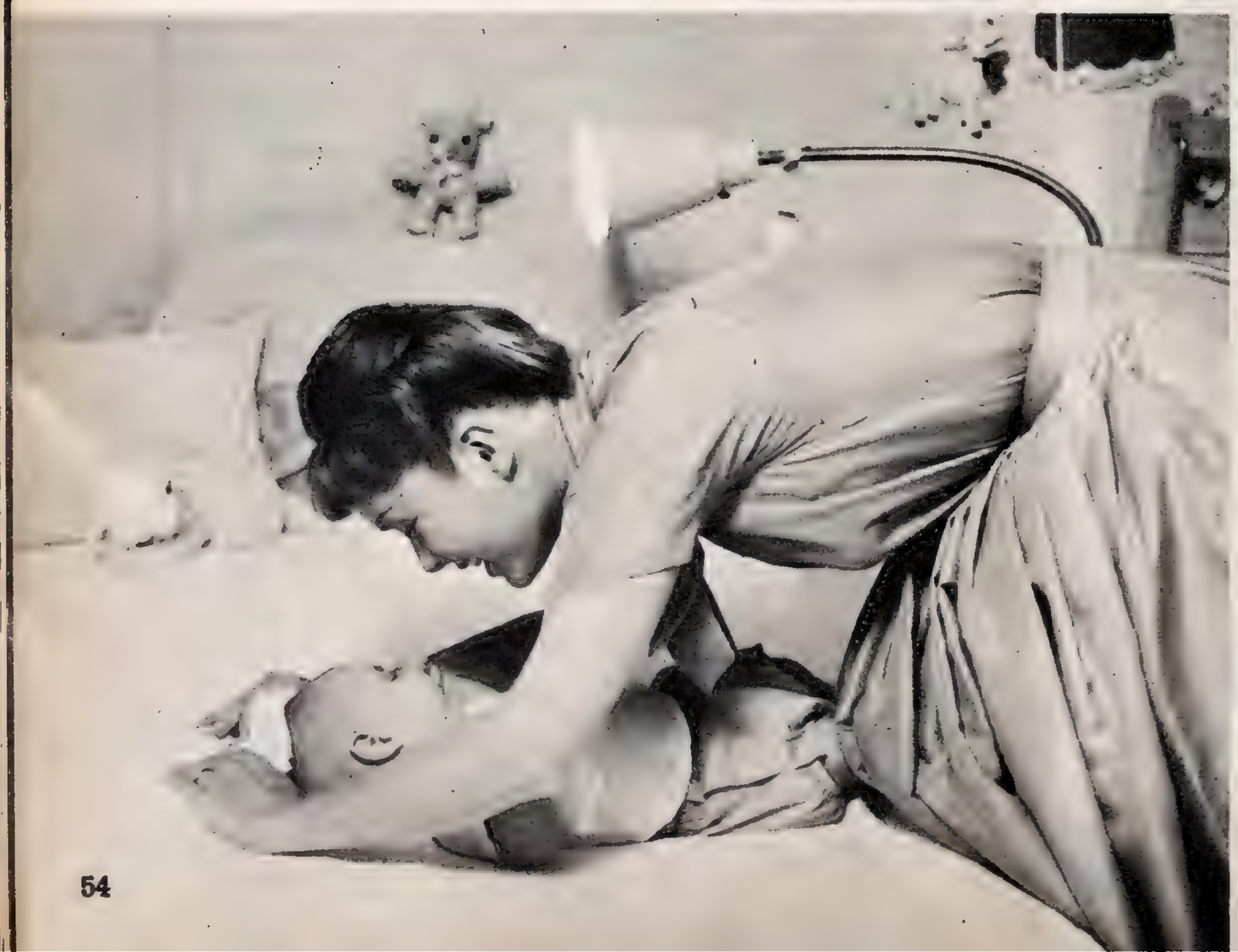
and want

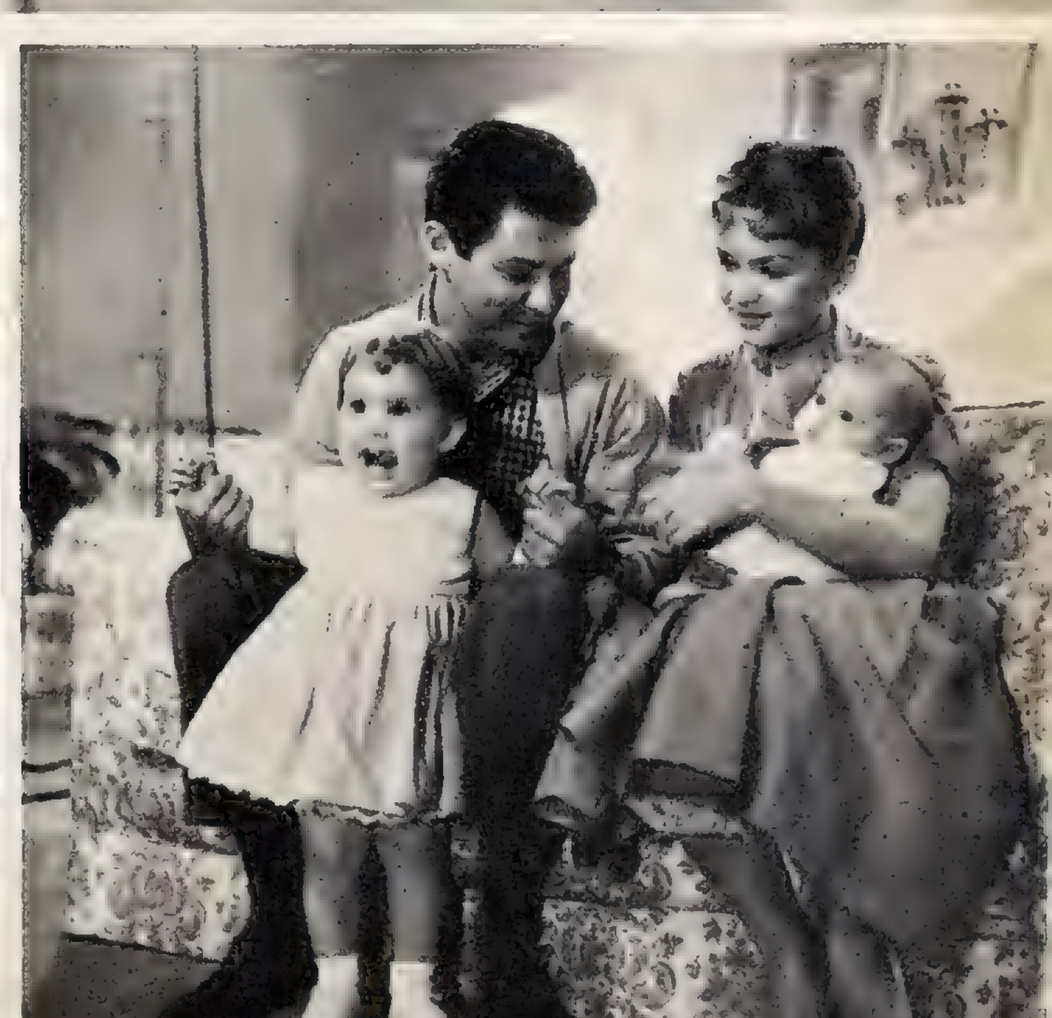
to share them

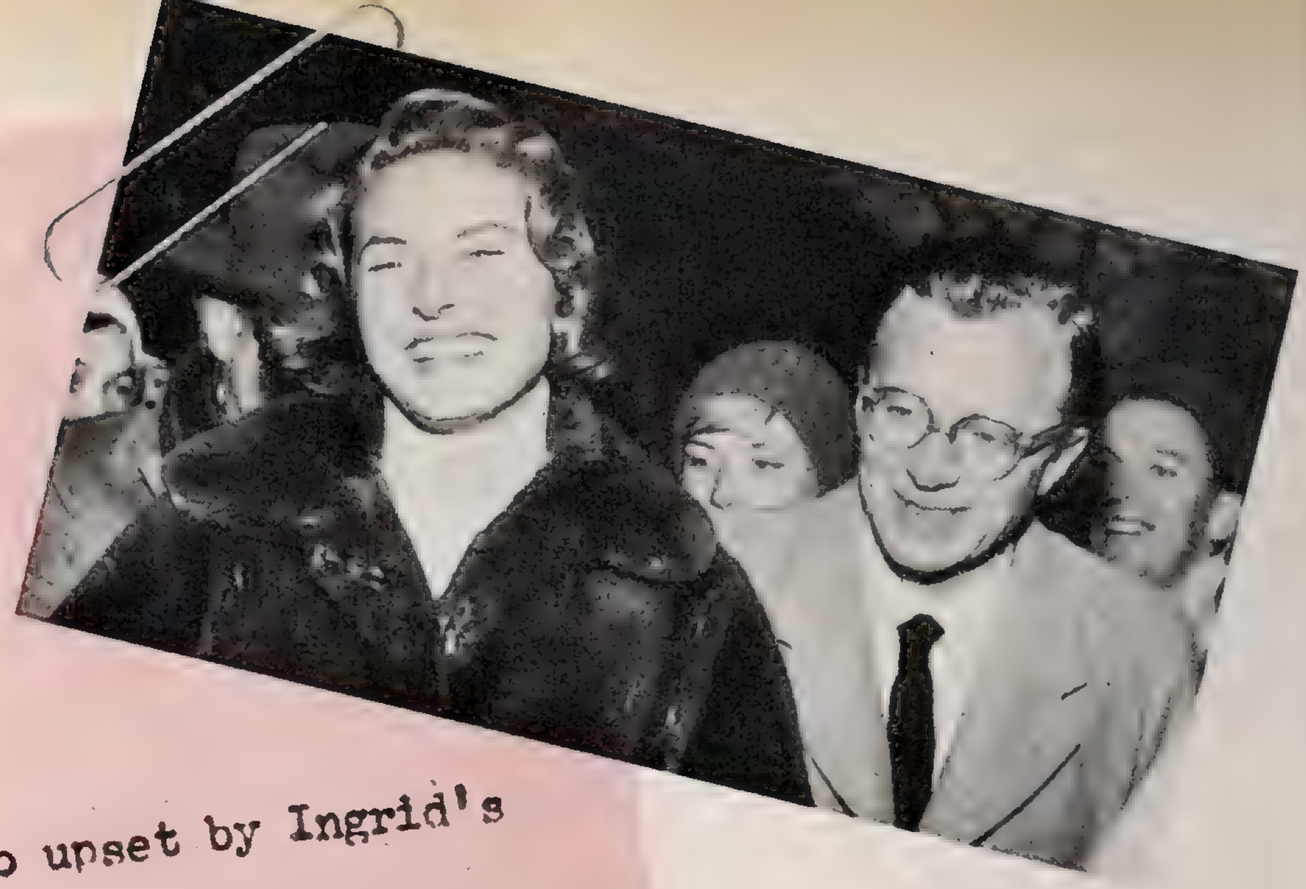
with you

Debbie & Eddie









Dear Editors of Photoplay!

My friends and I were so upset by Ingrid's breakup with Rossellini. We all sympathized with her until we saw this picture in the newspapers. Now we feel let down!

How could Ingrid even consider rushing into another marriage so quickly?

Bonnie Roller

INGRID'S ANSWER

"I'm not afraid of marriage — despite everything!"

Ingrid's romantic situation today, just as involved as it was nine years ago at the time of the original Rossellini scandal, utterly confuses the public in general and her still loyal fans in particular. (See above letter.)

A great wave of sympathy went out to her when fiery Roberto Rossellini, in a magnificent display of bad taste, took up with Indian script-writer Sonali Das Gupta, melodramatically declared his devotion to his new love and left Ingrid saddled with several years' accumulation of bad debts. In many people's minds, this evened the score. Ingrid was paying—much too heavily—for her poor judgment at the time of the Rossellini scandal.

Then, just when the goddess seemed restored to her pedestal, came the news that Ingrid and Lars Schmidt were buying an island off the Swedish coast. Well-wishers cringed. Critics remembered her early idyl with Rossellini and asked, "Another Stromboli?" And 'most everyone wondered how, in the face of so much public discussion and criticism, Ingrid could still pursue romance with such faith and enthusiasm.

The answer lies in this exclusive Photoplay interview with Ingrid, in which she (*Continued on page* 82)

C*razy*

A*nd a*

R*eal gone gal.*

O*h so*

L*azy—*

Y*et really jumpin'*

N*ow.*

J*ust lookin'*

O*ut right at you,*

N*ice and calm as can be.*

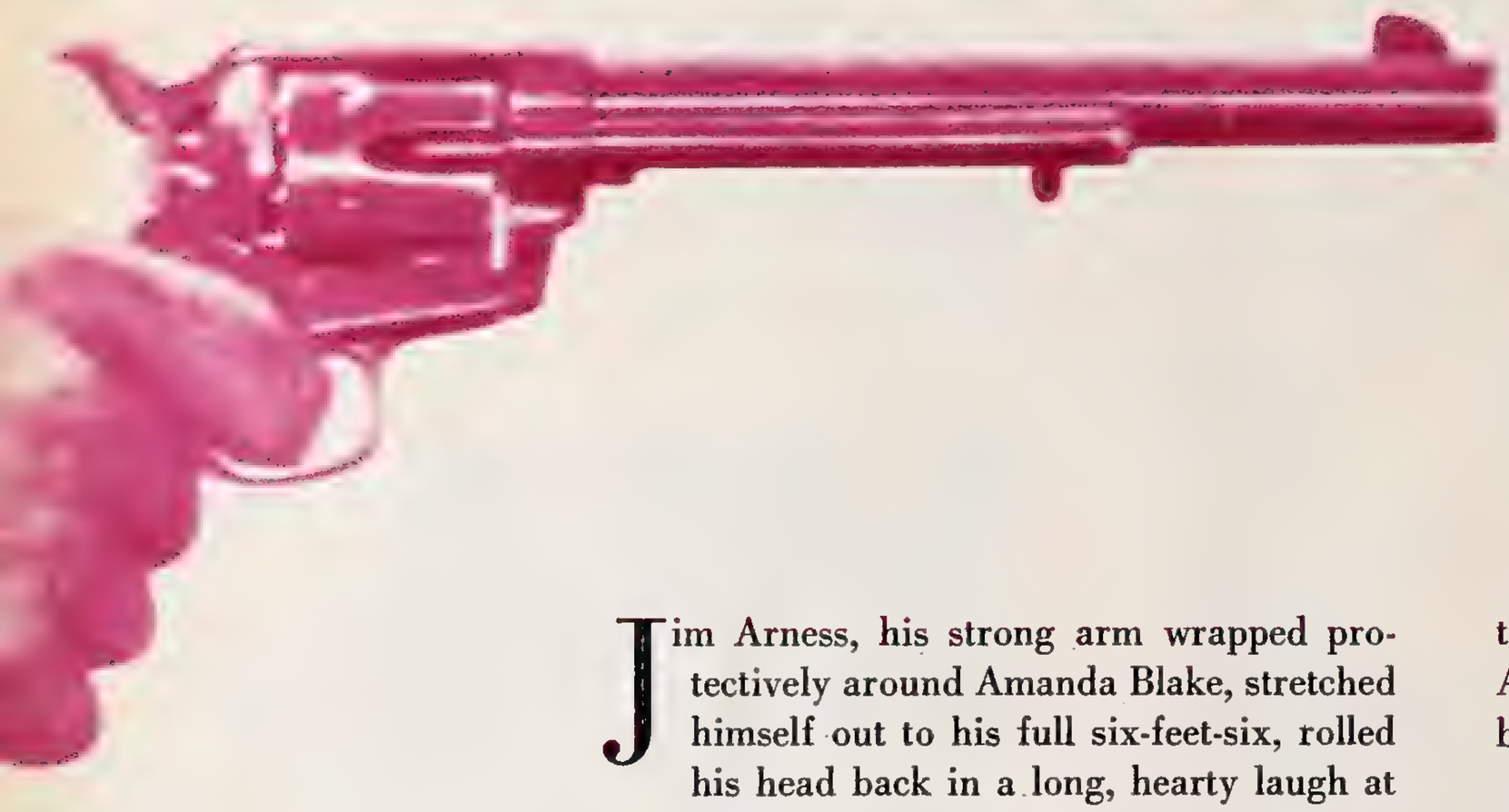
E*xcept don't you believe it, 'cause*

S*he's really cra—zy!*

By AARON SPELLING
(Carolyn's loving husband)

Continued on page 80.

JAMES ARNESS Asks:



gunnin' for

Jim Arness, his strong arm wrapped protectively around Amanda Blake, stretched himself out to his full six-feet-six, rolled his head back in a long, hearty laugh at the letter he was reading.

"There's a man in Dallas, Texas," he said, "who's threatened to travel a thousand miles to Hollywood to show me how to kiss a girl like *Kitty Russell*!" Jim, the *Matt Dillon* of CBS's "Gunsmoke," looked down at Amanda, who plays *Kitty*, and pointed to the paragraph in the letter he'd just received, which read:

". . . Now there's a *real* man's woman. So why don't you haul off and kiss her, you big galoot? If you don't sidle up to that girl pretty soon, brother, you're all washed up, believe me! . . ."

To some 40,000,000 fans, the characters of U.S. Marshal *Matt Dillon* and *Kitty Russell* (Amanda Blake) are involved in one of the most intriguing, puzzling, tantalizing bits of gossip on the air. "You see," says Jim candidly, "although we've appeared together in every episode of 'Gunsmoke' for more than two years, *Matt* never kisses *Kitty*. For a gag, Amanda and I kissed once in a commercial, but not really in character."

Girls, especially, are consumed with wild curiosity as to what goes on between these two. Is it mere friendship, mutual respect, or love, maybe? They write letters by the thousands, demanding to be told what *Matt's* intentions are. They display more interest in this 19th Century twosome than in the latest 20th Century doings between Frankie and Lauren.

"All of which tends to rile Miss Amanda Blake's blood," adds Jim.

"Can't they see *Matt* and *Kitty* have a certain understanding?" Amanda hints slyly with a wink. "*Kitty* is a woman quite capable of bringing this 225-pound giant to the kissing stage if she wanted to.

"She's been around, you know. And she knows men, and how to trap them. There's always that extra dab of perfume or, in *Matt's* case, a couple of dabs, to reach that height. Yes, I know all about the little-woman-is-so-alone-and-helpless (*Continued on page* 98)

a shy guy?

You asked PHOTOPLAY:

HOW CAN I HAVE A Hollywood Dream House

In this special 12-page section, we bring you:

★ **DECORATING HINTS OF DOROTHY MALONE**

★ **PLANS FOR "HOLLYWOOD" HOMES YOU CAN AFFORD**

★ **CONTEST FOR WINNING A HOUSE OF YOUR OWN**

How Dorothy decorates her home:

Our car, loaded with Photoplay staffers, turned through a white iron gate on a street in one of the loveliest sections of Beverly Hills, past the gate house just inside, up a winding driveway to a large, white two-story Spanish house. Two Afghan hounds rolled contentedly on the smooth green lawn. The quiet hush of afternoon was broken only by a faint rustling of leaves in the summer breeze, so the sound of our car alerted the lady of the house. Before we had tumbled out, the door was flung open, and there was Dorothy Malone, in a white shirt, Bermuda shorts and white wool socks—no shoes—greeting us with a big smile and a warm "Come in! Come in!"

At the sight of her the dogs rushed up for an affectionate pat. "Meet Samson and Delilah," Dorothy laughed, stroking each of them gently for a moment. Then she shooed them back to the lawn and led us inside.

"You know, I finished the decorating just last week," she said. Yes, we knew. That was why, though a visit (*Story continued page 76. See more photos next page*)

too much

You'll be happier if your home reflects your personality. My tea cart is typically feminine

Mistakes needn't be disastrous—when pink flowers on my wallpaper didn't look right, I simply painted them white

Browsing in antique shops can result in real finds—like a dusty chandelier my brother and I cleaned

Unrelated pieces (I found mine at auctions) can be blended by refinishing. I chose cream-white paint with a gilt trim

I picked up this Old English chair in London. Not comfortable, but it adds charm to my functional modern furniture

The Story-Book Home

OF THE YEAR!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELFER-MAYO

"CONTEMPORARY"
(Complete Version)

Basic House
$14,000
Owner-Finished
$16,900
Custom-Built

Not including
price of land

THE BIG FAMILY DREAM HOUSE that grows into an all-year-'round paradise at a price the average American family can afford today! Five exciting models, all with same basic floor plan

GO BUY YOURSELF a part of America—a piece of this blessed land—and build yourself a paradise for you and yours.

There is no safer, sounder, or saner thing to do. It will help insure your family's future and increase Father's earning power. It will help raise happier, healthier children . . . keep your family growing together through the years. And it will help preserve the love and romance that every normal man and woman needs for real happiness.

It is little wonder that America has changed, in less than a single generation, from a nation of renters or tenants to a nation of home-owners. More than half the readers of this magazine now own their own homes.

This fabulous Story-Book Home was designed by and for our readers, most of whom have large families with more babies still to come. To the ideas of our readers were added the new wonders of science, to give you a home where you can live in comfort and pride and privacy, and bask in "sunny" climate all-year-'round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight"—lush, warm, and lazy—every single night of your life, summer and winter.

Loll around in privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big *indoor* pool before you go to bed. And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.

This is the Story-Book Home, now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back.

Read the thrilling story of this new young working man's paradise—that you can afford today—or build in three easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story.

FOUR BEDROOMS!

Separate children's wing · 28-foot living room

$1,100 Owner finished
$2,500 Custom built

All this, and a kitchen, too, in the center of this "DREAM HOUSE." Owner-finished, only $18,700; Custom-built, $24,800 complete with INDOOR POOL!

BIG FAMILY-TV ROOM . . . .

with adjoining 3 bedrooms and extra bath form separate children's wing that parents asked for. Children enter from covered carport, leaving mud and wet clothes behind. Floor is easy-to-clean vinyl-asbestos Tile-Tex, made by the Flintkote Company.

HUGE 28-FT. LIVING ROOM . . . .

(with special dining area) is really just for Mother, Dad, and their friends. Looks through window walls, across water of indoor pool, into the garden. Walls in rich cherry Weldwood and washable Kalistron (optional) promise to last a lifetime with no upkeep.

THREE BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN . . . .

In daytime, Kalistron-covered folding wall opens two bedrooms into one large room for choo-choo trains, games, and fun. At night, wall separates rooms again (with double-deckers sleeping four). Third bedroom can be used as a guest room when needed.

MASTER BEDROOM . . . .

—panelled in Korina Weldwood—is just where mothers wanted it—close to the kitchen, and close to the children, too. You can come and go to your kitchen without being seen when the doorbell rings . . . also you can step from bedroom to outdoor terrace through jalousied French doors.

TWO BATHS!

family room with fireplace · 28-foot rumpus room

$14,000 Owner finished
$16,900 Custom built (You do no work)

$3,600 Owner finished
$5,400 Custom built

The *indoor* pool requires little or no work . . . the filtering and cleaning are almost entirely automatic. Filtered water requires changing less than once a year. Then you can use the water on your lawn or garden during a dry spell, and you don't waste a single penny!

And . . . your huge INDOOR heated SWIMMING POOL

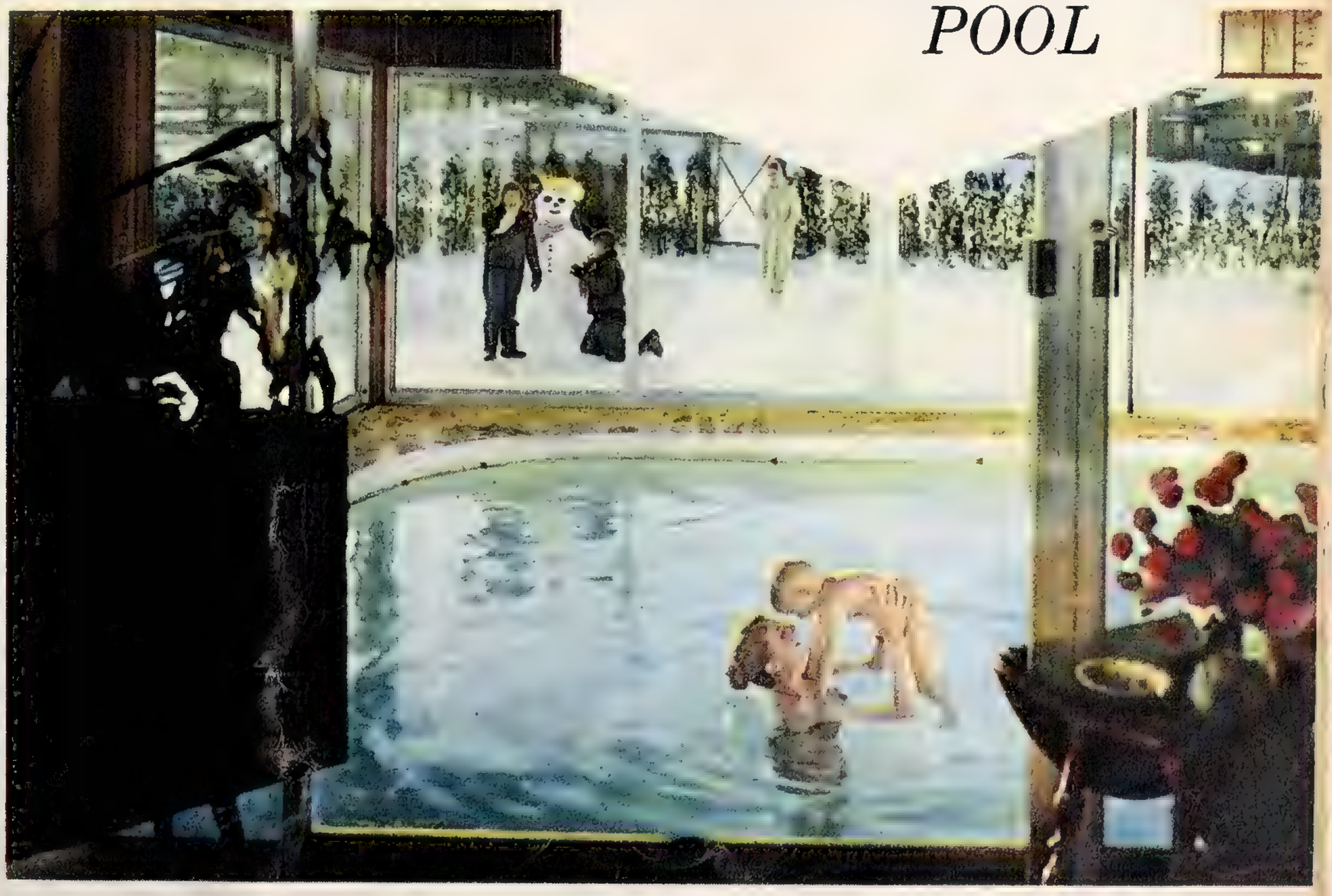


PHOTO BY H. MELFORD

Here's the story of how it builds family love, children's popularity, better discipline. The kids are pals, but not underfoot. . . . Here too are marvelous new ways it makes family living easier for Mother. . . . And how the fabulous, heated indoor swimming pool can help pay for itself

ANY WOMAN WOULD ENVY THE

THE STORY-BOOK Home is not just a shelter, like so many houses. It's a family kingdom where *all* members of the family can work and play—together when they want to be, or quietly alone, if they prefer. The parents' portion can always be ready for guests. Teenagers can take over in their own wing of the house. Children can build their friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. Mother and Dad can have a social life without spending hard-earned cash in town. Any day—every day—can hold the glamour of a summer resort.

The soft "tropical" climate of the indoor pool is for all to revel in day or night. Most families spend more money in just two weeks' vacation each year than the entire cost of financing their swimming pool at 6% interest! And swimming, as exercise, is worth a fortune to family health. Some mothers and fathers give neighborhood swimming lessons and make the pool pay for itself many times over. Some organize swimming clubs, and everybody else chips in with the refreshments.

The house has no waste space, no waste motion for Mother. And only the finest materials! American-Standard bathrooms, in lovely colors; folding walls made of wonderful, washable Kalistron, that looks like leather and lasts longer; panelled walls of beautiful V-Plank Weldwood, that will stay beautiful for the life of your home; floors covered with extra durable, easy-to-clean Tile-Tex vinyl, and in the living room with soft, quiet Tile-Tex rubber-tile, that needs no waxing or polishing.

Husbands will recognize the value of Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles by Flintkote; fireproof Van Packer chimney with round, prefabricated flue, saving time and money; the pool walls and ceilings moisture-proofed with a scientific plastic (polyethylene sheet). *No* humidity problems in this swimming pool home. You make your own climate. When you want moisture added to dry, heated winter air, crack open the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, just keep the door closed. Furniture never "dries out" one minute, "swells up" the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale," and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family!

Westinghouse refrigerator and freezer (optional) under luncheon counter make meal serving and entertaining easy.

Kalistron-covered folding wall divides double bedroom for sleep. Kalitex wall covering can be scrubbed.

Extra children's bath with American-Standard tub that saves hot water. "Coronation" Micarta walls, with their smooth, gleaming surface, Kalistron wall covering, and vinyl Tile-Tex floor make clean-ups quick and easy.

In this big 28-ft. rumpus room, bright and cheery with (optional) V-Plank Weldwood panelling and asphalt Tile-Tex floors, you could also set up a work bench for Dad. Fun for all, gives kids extra play space, keeps living rooms clean.

MOTHER IN THIS *Story-Book Home*

No stoop, no stretch, no step-ladder! Mother can reach every towel and blanket in this linen closet, as she stands on stairs to children's wing!

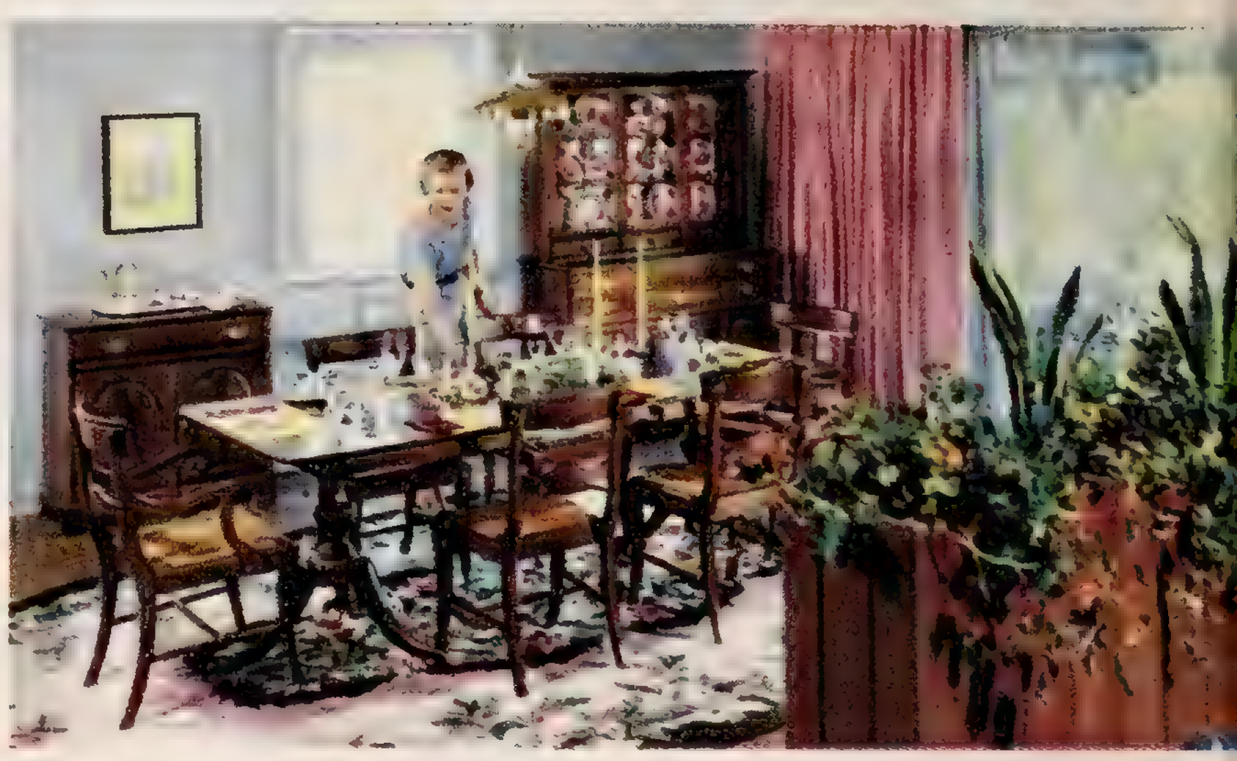
In this luxurious combination bathroom, with its American-Standard plumbing fixtures and marble-like Micarta vanity and walls, hubby can shave as wife applies make-up.

Now it's a powder room—simply by closing the folding divider! Guests enter from living room panelled in rich cherry Weldwood.

Here is living room in Colonial model, with pool area converted to indoor garden. Soft rubber Tile-Tex floor is comfortable underfoot, requires no waxing, and helps to deaden rumpus-room noise. If you prefer to add your indoor pool or garden later, you can put a flagstone terrace just outside the sliding glass doors.

EVEN HOLLYWOOD MOVIES NEVER

THIS SHIMMERING "TROPICAL PARADISE"—your 32-foot pool—lets you swim and sun-bathe even in coldest January. Helps Dad relax after work.... Makes home a teenagers' center.... Keeps Mom in all the family fun.



IF YOU'RE TOO OLD TO SWIM and the children have gone, pool area converts into a handsome dining room and garden where you can entertain with your Community silver and best china. There is plenty of room for all your guests.

THIS BEAUTIFUL INDOOR GARDEN, and the dining room shown above, can be built *instead* of the pool—or converted later by simply filling pool with earth and adding a flagstone floor yourself. Keeps outdoor beauty indoors all year.

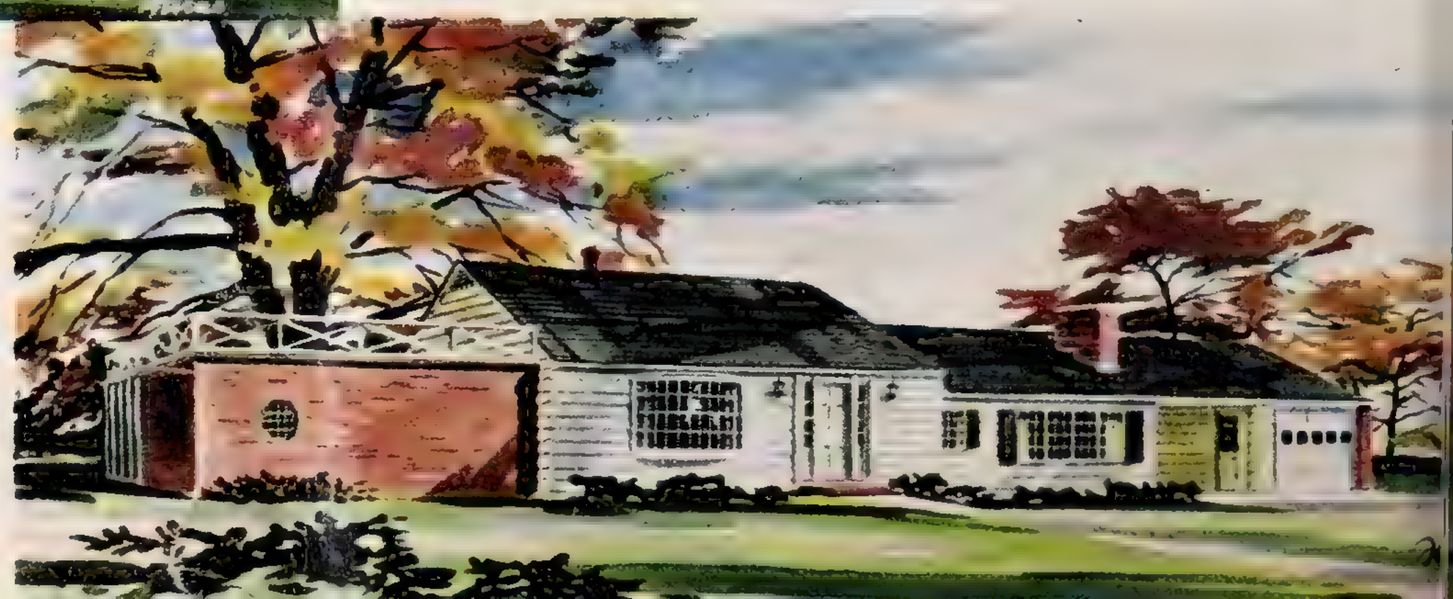
Four other models

(All have same

THIS FABULOUS Story-Book Home was designed to satisfy almost every taste in architecture. The five versions have the same basic floor plan —and can all be built for approximately the same price. Also, all can be built in three stages, except the 20th Century model. This model has an extra

REGENCY—a massive looking house in traditional design. Side-lighted front door, huge bay window, and bright shutters give it real Story-Book Home distinction and character.

COTTAGE COLONIAL—Bright and white with its wide bay window, shutter-windowed children's wing, and brick swimming pool wing .... It builds easily complete, or in 3 stages.



SHOWED YOU A BETTER *Home*

MOTHER WATCHES children swim as she gets lunch. Westinghouse electronic oven, range, dishwasher (optional) are only a step away.

IN THIS EFFICIENT KITCHEN all Westinghouse deluxe appliances are within reach. Micarta walls, lunch bar and work counters, Tile-Tex floor, make clean-ups easy.

MAGIC "ONE-WAY" window lets Mother look in on sick child without leaving her bed! Panelled door over window for sound-proofing.

CHILDREN GO from pool through Weldwood panelled, Tile-Tex floored rumpus room. Living area stays dry.

COOK-OUT ENTERTAINING is easy, and weather-proof, with this barbecue in the carport-terrace. Wonderful for kids' parties and picnics, too! It adjoins TV-game room.

UNDER A SUN-LAMP, you relax on the "chaise lounge" that covers the basement entrance to the pool—and keep your tan all year! Even Dad will enjoy "sunning" himself here.

to choose from . . .

basic floor plan)

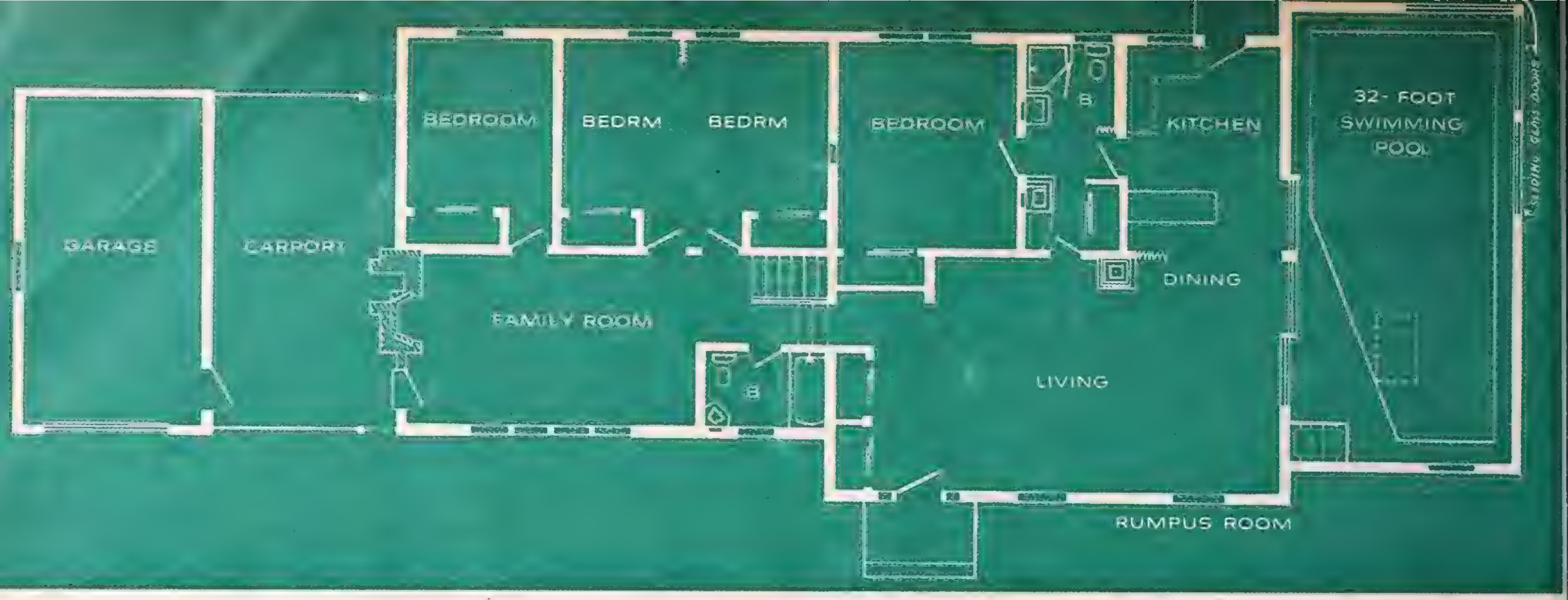
dining room, and costs slightly more than the others.

The double garages shown, and the over-size swimming pool, if desired, are extra, of course, and require large plots.

Complete plans and specifications for each model are available. Houses will fit on even 75x100 ft. lots.

CAPE COD COLONIAL—Gray shingles, mullioned windows, and shutters capture the enduring warmth of this popular style. . . . Yet it's modern as tomorrow—a real dream house.

20TH CENTURY—Here's beautiful, modern styling that will stay "new" for years. Note how living room and pool area blend brick, glass, and redwood into a magnificent exterior.



HOW YOUR FAMILY CAN OWN A

Story-Book Home

See your local Savings and Loan Association:

Every one of these mortgage-lending associations knows about these wonderful Story-Book Homes. A number of them have already financed construction of models in various areas of the country, and will gladly discuss how you can arrange to buy one for your family.

John R. Gallaudet, of the United Savings and Loan Association of Trenton, N. J., says: "We should like to compliment you on the many new ways these homes will serve family living. We consider them a fine investment, with their excellent planning and convertibility."

If you have some cash savings, if you own a piece of land, or if you now own a house and would like to change to a Story-Book Home—go to your local Savings and Loan Association. They will explain how a mortgage can be arranged for you—whether you plan to buy a home, have it built, or finish it yourself.

Elsewhere in this magazine you will find a list giving the names of builders of the Story-Book Homes . . . and the address where you can visit their completed model houses. Of course, you can see one of the original models in Princeton Manor, at Princeton, N. J. If there are none close to you, the bank will know and recommend reputable builders who will construct your home according to the plans and specifications you select. Even if you are thinking of moving to Florida, you'll find a Story-Book model home on Sabal Island, post office Boynton Beach, Fla. (Builder: A. Paul Young)

You will also be able to get help from your savings bank if you want a builder to erect the "shell" and finish much of the interior yourself. Many builders now offer to do this.

"Owner-finished" cuts costs way down:

The plans and specifications tell "what" and "where" materials go. Then you do all the painting, lay your Tile-Tex floors with a do-it-yourself kit, and panel your walls with floor-to-ceiling sheets of prefinished Weldwood by U. S. Plywood. Clever "do-it-yourself" men can easily finish the home, swimming pool and all, for less than $19,000. Or they can finish the main house for only about $14,000, and add the pool, carport, and garage later. (*Note*: All house prices quoted are estimates, and vary by locality. Costs of land and kitchen appliances are extra.)

A Big Swimming Pool, Complete Kit only $795.

You can also build a swimming pool, out of doors, close to your house, and cover it later. Or, do this for your present home.

Story-Book Homes (a non-profit, co-operative organization to aid in home building) will procure for you a complete swimming pool kit for a big 16 x 32-ft. pool for only $795, plus freight charges. This includes *everything* for a complete pool (the same as one named after a famous TV star and champion swimmer). This includes the plastic pool, the filter, the knock-down forms that bolt together, all the fittings, pipe, vacuum lines, etc. Everything you need for a pool that would cost thousands of dollars! Write Story-Book Home Editor, State Rd., Princeton, N. J.

Story-Book Home Editor • Research Center, State Road • Princeton, N. J.

Please send me complete plans and specifications for the Story-Book Home models checked below. I am enclosing herewith $1.00 for *each* set of plans ordered.

( ) COTTAGE COLONIAL
( ) CONTEMPORARY
( ) REGENCY
( ) CAPE COD COLONIAL
( ) 20TH CENTURY
( ) Send information that tells how to get 32-ft. swimming pool kit for only $795, F.O.B., Trenton, N. J.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

( ) I now rent. ( ) I own a home. ( ) I own land.

Send for complete plans

Only $1.00!

For only $1.00 you can get a complete set of plans and specifications that give you, your bank, and your builder the full details necessary to finance and build your Story-Book Home. Simply fill out the coupon at left . . . enclose $1.00 for *each* set of plans you select . . . and mail to the Story-Book Home Editor, Princeton, N. J.

SEE A COMPLETED

Story-Book Home

Visit and inspect the builder's model house nearest you.

See for yourself—in any of these model houses—
how many wonderful new ways the Story-Book Home
can make living happier for your family.

WIN . . . FREE! a fabulous $24,800

Story-Book Home

complete with

INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

PLUS:

Full-Size JUKE BOX for your game room
Colonial HUTCH for the living-dining room
FULL SET OF CHINA for entertaining
BABY GRAND PIANO for your living room
BEARSKIN RUG for the rumpus room
SUNBURST WALL CLOCK for the game room

House built for the lucky winner by
Macfadden Publications, Inc. and The Flintkote Co., in cooperation with

"THE PRICE IS RIGHT"

Starring BILL CULLEN

Tune in—Thursday nights—
August 14—21—and 28
NBC-TV Network—10 p.m., E.D.S.T.
(Check local newspapers for time changes)

Here's all you need do to win: Simply guess the total, combined price of all these handsome prizes. The person who guesses closest to the correct total price of the Story-Book Home plus the other prizes (without over-pricing) will *win them all!* House built for the winner anywhere in the United States.

Note: You do *not* have to see the program to enter. All our readers have a chance to win! But you'll see more, know more, if you watch the show. So tune in!

Write your guess—just the total dollars-and-cents price—on a *postcard,* together with your name and address. Mail it to the address below. You may send as many guesses as you like; but each entry must be on a separate postcard with your name and address. (Do *not* send entries in envelopes!)

In case of a tie, there will be a bidding run-off. The decision of the judges will be final.

Entries must be postmarked before midnight, August 29th, and must be in the hands of "The Price Is Right" judges before midnight on Monday, August 31st. The winner will be announced on a later show.

Mail all entries to:
Home Showcase, "The Price Is Right," P. O. Box 645, New York 46, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA

Rand Construction Company
6363 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles 48

Model: Ransdale Tract
Riverside County
(Open 1959)

FLORIDA

A. Paul Young
Boynton Beach

Model: Sabal Isle
U. S. A 1 A, near
Boynton Beach

INDIANA

Root Lumber Company
527 Sheridan Street
Crown Point

Model: Rose Ellen Drive
Crown Point

H. J. Hoevel
2435 Shadyoak Drive
Ft. Wayne

Model: Hoevelwood
Ft. Wayne

Town & Country Homes
Louisville, Ky.

Model: Merryman Drive
Jeffersonville, Ind.

KENTUCKY

Town & Country Homes
Louisville

Model: See Indiana listing

MARYLAND

Humphrey Builders, Inc.
300 Springbrook Drive
Silver Spring

Model: 12601 Springtree
Drive, Springwood
Sub-division
Silver Spring

A. J. Watkins & Sons, Inc.
19 West Pennsylvania Avenue
Towson 4

Model: 226 Ridgley Road
Hunters Hill
Towson 4

MASSACHUSETTS

Custom Construction Co.
Steve Dwyer, Realtor
Route 3A
Cohasset

Model: Whitter Drive
Scituate

Model: Woodland Drive
Cohasset

Edward A. Veno
Boston Post Road
Wayland

Model: Sedgemeadow Road
Wayland

MISSOURI

Nathan Wolff
3658 West Pine
St. Louis

Model: Paradise Village
St. Charles County

MONTANA

Bailey Construction Company
2964 Harrow Drive
Billings

Model: Yellowstone Country
Club Heights
Billings

NEW JERSEY

Princeton Manor
Construction Company
10 Nassau Street
Princeton

Model: 67 Randall Road
Princeton

Totem Village
Whitehorse Pike (Rt. 30) &
Central Avenue
Hammonton

Model: Block B
Totem Lakes
near Hammonton

OHIO

E. M. Schuler, Inc.
1481 Middle Bellville Road
Mansfield 5

Model: 1066 Bellaire Drive
Southern Estates
Sub-division
Mansfield

PENNSYLVANIA

A. L. Pennewill
Pikemont Drive
Gateway Terrace
Wexford

Model: Pikemont Drive
Franklin Estates
Wexford

Model: Shannopin Highlands
Ben Avon Heights

N. P. Ninneman, Inc.
Park Circle
Camp Hill

Model: Drexel Hills Blvd.
New Cumberland

TEXAS

Kenneth L. Musgrave
Construction Co.
P. O. Box 1743
Abilene

Model: 3520 Hunters Glen Rd.
Abilene

Helms Lumber & Building
5212 Airline
Houston

Model: Braewick
Houston

WISCONSIN

Pioneer Builders, Inc.
5501 West North Avenue
Milwaukee 8

Model: 14440 West Lilly
Heights Dr.
Brookfield

Furniture in model home by
Princeton Furniture Mart

. . . As we go to press, 267 other builders in other states have purchased complete plans and specifications, but had not as yet reported starting their models.

P

"Russ, What's Your Side of the Story?"

by RUSS TAMBLYN as told to MARCIA BORIE

A columnist says: "Private Tamblyn has a private war with the Army." A co-worker: "He's a screwball kid." An acquaintance: "He didn't even try to make his marriage work—he has no sense of responsibility!"

Some of the rumors about me are true—some definitely are not. I'm not making excuses, but I want the record straight!

Look—I'd be a stupid jerk if I said that I liked Army life. Anybody that can enjoy what it represents is nuts. I mean, I hate war and killing and shooting; so I won't just mouth some words and say that being in the Army is my ideal way of life. Yet I have a duty, an obligation to defend my country, and I've made up my mind to do the best job I possibly can. As long as guys are required to serve time in the Army, I will accept it as being necessary for the survival of our country.

Some people who've known me for a while find it easy to believe the stuff that's been written about how I'm a rebel in khaki. But I'm not like I used to be any more. I'm a different person. I've found myself—or at least I'm on the right road now.

Eight months ago, when I got my 1-A draft status and with it the initial shock of realizing that I would be called up, I decided then to accept whatever faced me. I adjusted myself, geared myself mentally to winding up things and getting ready to go in. I'd finished "Peyton Place" and signed to do "tom thumb" in Europe, and from then on I didn't make any plans. The Army didn't call me right away, and as soon as I got back from Europe M-G-M cast me in "High School Confidential!" I finished that just under the wire before I was ordered to report.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Only, eight months ago a lot of other things happened to me—more than I could take. An awful lot of people thought I was acting like a jerk after that, and I suppose I was. But haven't *you* ever gotten to a point in *your* life where you just don't care any more? I did. I got to that point where I didn't care about anything—how I acted in public, what I did, what I said. I just didn't give a darn.

You know, it was funny how I got that way. *Funny?* Strange, I mean. I've been in show business for twelve years and for a few of those years things went along smoothly; everything went my way. Finally, I had a beautiful wife, a home of my own; my career was progressing; what guy could want more?

Then all of a sudden my world began to collapse around me. My marriage started to go on the rocks first, and during those last months with Venetia I realized that I hadn't worked in almost a year. You know, I never dated much before I met Venetia. She was the first girl I ever fell in love with. She and I were both very young, too immature. Yes, I admit it. We just couldn't handle things; couldn't cope with what it was that was pulling us farther and farther apart. Marriage was a sacred thing to me, something of tremendous importance. Besides, by nature I'm full of drive, consumed with a passion to do everything I undertake successfully. I hate to fail—at anything!

Believe me, Venetia tried, I tried hard but somewhere along the line we goofed.

One night I came home and found the living room dark. But I heard a little sound and I turned the lamp on. Venetia was sitting there, crying, sort of huddled. She looked up at me and said, "Isn't it a shame that we weren't meant for each other?"

My heart broke. I guess we'd both known for a while that we weren't going to make it. Now we had to admit it, and we decided to get a divorce. That's how the two weeks started, the most awful two weeks in my life. Everything happened to me in fourteen days' time. I got my draft notice. I had an automobile accident. My grandmother had a heart attack. We discovered that my father had cancer of the brain, and we were going to lose him. (He died soon after that.)

All in just two weeks.

That's when I got to the point where I didn't care any more. I reached a stage in life that I've read about in books; a point in the road where some people commit suicide, some become alcoholics and some find a way out by being converted to a very orthodox religion. I was a walking zombie. Nothing fazed me, nothing touched me. I was already dead inside. Only my body kept functioning; it didn't seem to want to admit that there was nothing inside, no feelings, no plans, no nothing. I indulged in self-pity. Sure I did, why deny it? I gave everyone a rough time, but I wasn't going out of my way to act rude, although it naturally seemed that way. It's just that I didn't care, and this attitude made me seem sullen, resentful, aloof, rebellious.

One night, when I really couldn't take things any more, I got into my car and drove down along the ocean near Santa Monica until I came to that little café, The Point. I went in and sat at a rear table by myself, having a drink and looking out the window at the rocks and the sea and the miles of nothingness. The sea looked like I felt: dark, angry, endlessly going on and on without any apparent aim or purpose. I just sat there for what seemed like hours. I was oblivious to anything until I heard laughter. I turned around and at the next table were two couples. Two nice-looking young guys with a couple of beautiful chicks, laughing and talking and having a ball. I took one look at them and all they seemed to have—just being alive and happy—and I walked out of that place.

I got back in my car and drove straight home. I got undressed and stretched out across my bed and started thinking. And then it came over me—I had nothing left. My faith was broken; my marriage was over; my father was dead; my career was at a standstill. But as I kept thinking it dawned on me that maybe I was at a point in my life that was *good* for me. I had nothing. Now was the time when I could prove to myself if I really had what it took. I was at a crossroads: I could go ahead, along a new path; or I could stay where I was, which was nowhere; or I could sink further into bitterness and oblivion.

I locked myself in my apartment for two weeks. For two weeks I sat and thought and wrote down every thought that came into my head. I wrote and wrote until I had a book-length sheaf of papers with every innermost thought, feeling, desire all there in words before me. Then I read it over and over again. I learned that I had been doing a lot of things not the wrong way perhaps—but indifferently. I hadn't devoted enough time to thinking things out. I had gone along for years accepting things people said at face value, not questioning, not trying to find out for myself whether they were right or wrong.

I spent those two weeks alone and I came out of my "exile" with a whole new set of values, a whole new scheme for living. The heck with the past! From that moment on, I figured, I was going to start fresh. There and then I determined to find things out for myself. The writing was, I guess, a form of self-analysis. Now that I knew I had been wrong, it would be easy to change. I built up a whole new set of convictions, a new faith, new beliefs. I discovered among other things that I didn't know an awful lot about women. While I'd considered myself a great Don Juan, I really had a lot to learn.

First and foremost, I had to find myself!

Often, you can find yourself by forgetting yourself and your own private problems for a time. While I'd been shut away in my apartment, my mother had been at home, a lonely place with my father gone. She didn't want to go anywhere, she said, but now I persuaded her that new surroundings were just what she needed. So I took her to Europe. We rented a car in Paris and had a ball doing the continent together: France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy.

After our tour, I had to go to England to make "tom thumb." Later, I heard that I struck some of the people in that company as pretty much of a screwball, pulling practical jokes, doing crazy stunts, acting like a kid. Well, I guess I was a wacky type when I really was a kid—tearing around in a souped-up jalopy, haunting be-bop joints, stopping at a drive-in and ordering hotcakes with catsup on top just to see the waitress turn green.

But I've gotten past that stage. While I was working on "tom thumb," I just felt in good spirits. After all I'd gone through

and everything I'd discovered about myself, it seemed as if I'd come out of a dark place into sunshine. I liked to horse around with the crew between takes. Sometimes I'd challenge the guys to a broad-jumping contest. Or I'd swing myself up on the scenery, climb around on top of it and along the catwalks. But believe me, I wasn't taking foolish chances; I knew what I was doing. The producer relaxed when he found that out. The picture calls for some tricky acrobatic routines, and I had to keep in practice. In the story, I'm supposed to be only five inches tall, so they built the sets twelve times normal scale.

By the time I got back to Hollywood, the Army had given me a definite date to report for duty. But I was happy to find that I could get in another picture first, "High School Confidential!"

I went to Fort Ord keeping my new attitude firmly in mind: Take things as they come; try to learn from each new experience. At first, frankly, I didn't know what to expect. I found a lot of things in the Army that at the beginning I considered unnecessary, superfluous. I had come to learn how to defend my country. I was determined to do that, but I didn't exactly understand how cleaning latrines, mopping, scrubbing, polishing would help me be a good soldier.

It was perhaps harder for me to adjust because—let's face it—the secret of a successful personality in the entertainment world is *individuality,* doing something not like everyone else in your own unique way. The Army isn't the place for individuality. You aren't supposed to be independent. At first, it was a little hard getting used to the idea. I've been acting since I was a kid; I was used to a great deal of freedom, used to saying and doing what I felt like when I felt like it. Now I was Private Tamblyn, with a serial number and forty-three guys sharing my bedroom.

Then, too—let's face it again—I *have* been in the public eye. If I didn't admit that, I'd just be putting on the old "modesty" act, strictly for hams. The Army makes nonentities of all its men. You may be a private or a corporal or an officer; but, whatever your rank, you're part of a team—not an individual. So, despite what you may have read, it was not the razzing I got when I came to Fort Ord that really jolted me. It was a whole new way of life.

One of my first days in the Army, I was standing at attention in line when a sergeant came by and said, "Which one's the movie star?" I retched inside, but I stood at attention and kept still. Then, too, some of the boys gave me the business—nothing I couldn't take, but oh, you know, good-natured razzing. Every new recruit gets it. I just got a little more, that's all.

Actually, I was in this position: If I did something good everyone knew about it—I got more praise than I deserved; but when I did something wrong everyone knew about it, too, and perhaps I got into more trouble than I deserved.

When I first got to Ord, one of the officers called me in and said, "Tamblyn, you're the only one in this company whose folder has 'VIP' on the label. But let me tell you—you're just like any other guy here and you'll be treated like any other GI! Understand?"

I just stood at attention, and when he was through telling me that I was no different from anyone else I said politely, "Well, sir, then why have you sent for me if I'm not different?" Since that time there have been very few occasions when who I was in civilian life has made very much difference.

I admit those gossip-column items about my "troubles" with the Army have got me sore. Let me say that my record since I've been in the Army is pretty balanced. I've done some things wrong—and lots of things right. I've tried as hard as I know how, and, honestly, I feel as well-informed, as well-trained, as competent in military courtesy, weapons or any other phase of our training as any guy in my company.

About the third week I was at Ord, I missed what they call bed-check, which means that when the man in charge checked the barracks after lights-out I was not in my bed. Where I was or why isn't important. The important thing is that the papers got hold of this incident and blew it up until it sounded like I was to be shot at sunrise or something! Actually, I received an "Article Fifteen," which is Army talk for two weeks of extra duty given as punishment for less serious breaches of the rules. This meant that every day for fourteen days, after evening chow, I scrubbed pots and pans or washed dishes or mopped floors, or washed latrines or whatever other dirty job had to be done. That was my punishment, and I accepted it and did whatever I was ordered to do.

One item also said that I wasn't at camp when I should have been because of a girl by the name of Barbara Luna. That just isn't true. Where I was or why is nobody's concern except my company commander's, and I served my fourteen days long ago, so I don't want to discuss it. But I will tell you that Barbara, who's a new actress in Hollywood, had been up here visiting me just *before* I was unavoidably absent during bed-check; she had just left. So I had no need, as the paper erroneously said, to remove myself from the post in order to see her.

Another thing that has been written is that I was mad because I went to the Army medico with a sore throat and he didn't believe me. That's not true. The real truth is that I *was* sick; in fact, I had the flu, a mild case of pneumonia and the measles all at one time! But I *did* get medical care; I was in the base hospital for a week. I discovered I was sick the night before we were to be tested in marksmanship. I felt sick and I knew I had a temperature, but I also knew that if I missed the firing test, I'd have to take it later, adding time to my eight weeks of training. So I went on the firing range, took the test, passed well enough to get a sharpshooter's medal and then checked into the hospital.

Okay, now if you're interested I'll tell you a few other details of my life in the Army. I get up at 4:30 in the morning. Since there is a rule against lights-on in the barracks before 5:30, all of us get dressed, make our beds, clean up whatever we're assigned to clean and do it all in the dark pretty much. Then finally the lights come on and the sun comes up and we're ready for morning formation. At 6:10 a whistle blows and we all fall out for formation—roll call, that is. Then we go in and eat chow (breakfast). After chow we fall out for inspection of our barracks, at which time everything is in perfect order—it better be! At 7:15 our work day starts (!): We go to classes on things like military courtesy, weapons-handling, map-reading, first aid. Then, of course, we run up and down hills and march and march and march. We have chow again at 1:00, then resume classes or drilling or marching. Get back to the barracks about 5:30, but it's really no rest period, because we're expected to be clean and neat-looking at evening chow. We wash up, have dinner at 6:00, and then after that we go back to our room and clean our weapons, change our sheets, do our personal laundry. At 9:00 it's lights-out in the barracks and then from 9:00 to 10:30 most of us sit on the floor in the hallway and polish our boots by the hall light. And with guard duty and maneuvers tossed in they keep us pretty busy.

Hey, you'll never guess my nickname! The company commander calls me "Smiley" 'cause I've always got a smile on my face. Imagine Tamblyn called "Smiley"—I bet a lot of my friends in Hollywood won't believe it!

When I first got to Ord, one of the officers used to call me Russ. I guess it bothered a few of the boys in the platoon, because, as I said, in the Army everyone is supposed to be pretty anonymous. I'm sure the officer didn't think anything about it; he knew who I was and hadn't yet learned the other guys' names, so he just called me Russ. Then one day he got a letter from one of the boys, saying that a lot of the guys resented him calling me by my first name. He no longer calls me anything but Private Tamblyn—or maybe a few things less printable.

I'm proud of two distinct honors that have come my way since I've been a GI. Every week the company commander picks what is called the "trainee of the week." He picks one man from each platoon, which means there are five of us picked each week. The man picked represents the other forty-three guys in his barracks. He is called upon by the commander to answer a variety of questions pertaining to all the work our platoon has been assigned to learn that week. Then, of the five, the best is selected as the company's outstanding trainee. I didn't win that title (I came in third), but still it was a distinct honor to have been picked out of the forty-three men in my own platoon to represent them.

Then there's my trophy. We had an intensive series of tests in all phases of physical fitness. I scored the highest mark in our company (more than 400 men) and at Open House Week I was publicly awarded the trophy. The only other new GI to be singled out was the company's outstanding trainee, so I guess that was pretty fair, huh? See, I've had my share of both honors and latrine-cleaning, and all in all I'd say that Private Tamblyn is holding his own.

After I was finished at Fort Ord, I was assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as a radio operator. I may get to do a few local deejay-type chores, too, but that isn't definite—and I have *not* requested duty in Special Services.

I figure that they have my background on file and that if they want me in the entertainment division they'll ask me.

But I'll level with you. Before I got in, some of my friends said it would be easy for me to pull strings; that, since there was no wartime emergency, it would be possible for me to make a few requests and get a soft assignment. Look, I'm no martyr. I don't enjoy crawling around in mud and marching with a heavy pack any more than any other guy in his right mind. But I know one thing: I'll be darned if I'll ask for any special favors from anybody! I don't know and I don't want to know if it's even *possible* to make a request for any such favors. Even if *other* guys do pull a few strings—and I'm not saying it's right or wrong—even if they do, nobody hears about it.

Right now, I don't want to make *any* sort of front-page item. I just want to do the work that's assigned to me the best way I possibly can. But I'll have to be honest and say this: I hope the fans don't forget me; I want to keep in touch with them. I'm not any different from the average GI in this respect. When he finishes his hitch in the Army, he hopes he'll be able to get his civilian job back—if he liked it. I liked my job. THE END

DOROTHY'S DECORATING HINTS

Continued from page 62

with Dorothy is always a pleasure, this one was especially exciting. What better person could we find to give us the latest decorating tips?

She led us through the spacious entrance hall, a favorite spot of hers from its brown and white inlaid floor to its impressive crystal chandelier. "I came across the chandelier in an antique shop," she announced gaily. "My brother Bob and I disassembled it entirely, washed each piece of crystal and put it back together again. It's Bavarian and was one of a group used in the Huntington library in Pasadena."

We entered the large, gracious living room, where Dorothy settled herself comfortably, one foot tucked beneath her. The room is most impressive and shows thoughtful planning as well as imagination and taste. The beamed ceiling is pecky cypress, painted in a brownish gray, and while the main decorating theme is 18th Century French, Dorothy did not confine herself to this style in any part of the ten-room house.

The draperies at the French windows—which open onto the cool green lawn—are pleated white bouclé, touched with gold. The walls are chocolate brown (an idea Dorothy got from a hat box!) and the thick shag rug was dyed to match. She broke all the rules by using dark carpeting with dark walls. "It could have been disastrous," she admits, "but fortunately it worked out well.

"I love autumn colors and rich warm tones, so I decided to use greens, golds, browns and white in the living room, with decorator pillows in brown, white and orange. I managed to get touches of yellow, too, in those lamp shades and the prints of those two chairs."

She sprang up energetically and bounded over to the fireplace, waving a slender arm in its direction. "I built the front myself," she announced proudly. "I decided to leave the mortar spilling from between the bricks and paint the whole thing white. Gives it a rather interesting textural effect, don't you think?"

Her fingers caressed an antique wooden tray, which she had converted into an end table by mounting it on matching wooden legs. "This is one of my proudest possessions. It belonged to Charlotte Brontë, and it's the only registered antique I have. I keep two Brontë books and this English silver tray on it."

A long low couch in antique gold fabric, facing the fireplace, is fronted by a long white marble coffee table and flanked by two low, wide wing chairs. Cherrywood cabinets on each side of the fireplace camouflage hi-fi and television sets, while two green velvet slipper chairs offer a stunning contrast to the cream-colored piano.

"Now that the place is finished," Dorothy laughed, "I wonder how I ever did it! I'm sure if I were asked to decorate a two-story house for someone else I'd feel overwhelmed. But somehow when it's your own you just say 'quack' and jump in! When I got the house it was Spanish inside. Now it's Provincial. I used a lot of dark and white combinations. Each group of rooms has its own color scheme."

Actually, the major part of Dorothy's formidable task was done in four months. She began around Thanksgiving, but was slowed down considerably by the fact that she was making two pictures at the time and was free only on evenings, weekends and holidays.

"Fortunately, decorating and remodeling are my hobby," she said, running her fingers through her long silky hair. "It's something I've always been interested in. My mother has a real flair for this sort of thing, and I've learned mostly through observation. It would have been fun if we could have done the house together.

"But this time I was strictly on my own. Mother and Dad came to visit when the job was almost finished, and when they told me how much they liked it, I felt rewarded for all my efforts."

She frowned thoughtfully. "But, of course, everyone isn't so lucky as to have a mother like mine. I suppose the biggest question in every would-be decorator's mind is 'How do I start?'

"The big pitfall to be avoided here, I think, is plunging in, instead of planning." She smiled. "I know for an enthusiast with a home or apartment to decorate, that's hard. But it's really a must.

"Decorating is like any other task. The better you're prepared, the better the results will be. Especially if you've had no previous experience with it, I think the first step is reading good books on the subject. Then, the current magazines. Even an old hand will find many new tips in them, because they keep up with the latest ideas."

She laughed. "The next step is just plain leg-work! Browse around the shops. Find out what fabrics and furniture are to be had, at what prices. Then you'll have a good working knowledge to help you fit your decorating plans in with your budget.

"At this point," Dorothy went on, "you have to stop and consider just what overall effect you want to achieve. It may sound strange, but here some self-analysis is in order. What kind of person are you, really? What do you like and dislike? The reason for this is simply that if a home doesn't reflect *you*, you won't be completely happy or comfortable in it. Naturally, if other people share the home, their personalities have to be considered, too, so that everyone reaches a happy compromise.

"Though I'm not married, I suspect it would be a good idea to share all the planning with your husband, right from the beginning, so that the home is everything you both want. And," she added with a twinkle, "a man can be very helpful. Look at the way my brother came to the rescue with the work on my chandelier!"

Dorothy is fairly certain that her home reflects her own personality. "At least, that's what I've been told. I think I've given the house a feminine touch, but not just a dainty one. It has many moods, which is typical of me."

Though too many bright tones would be overpowering, Dorothy feels that having one room especially cheery is a great aid in chasing the blues. "Mine is the pink guest room," she says. "I did it entirely in harmonizing shades of pink—that's my favorite color—and somehow it never fails to cheer me. I find it very relaxing."

But what of the problems? Did she have any? "There are always some special problems that come up in any decorating project," says Dorothy. "When I bought this place it had an electric elevator, which I promptly eliminated. Stairs are good for the hips! I had the hole filled in with Styrofoam and added artificial plants. I think it's effective. Don't you?"

For interested young home-makers in search of decorating tips, who have nary an elevator or even an escalator to their names, Dorothy has lots more practical suggestions. She believes the living room sets the keynote for the entire house and therefore should be furnished first.

"But one word of warning: In decorating, if you ever expect to get the job done, you have to be able to make split-second decisions. It's terribly important to choose color schemes carefully, though, so there will be a gradual blend from one room to another. It's also very important to give more than a passing thought to your floors. Wall-to-wall carpeting is no longer a must. If floors are beautiful, and you don't want carpets tacked down, try having carpeting cut and laid to the size of each room. It's not only less expensive but enables you to allow a little of the wood to show."

Did Dorothy make any mistakes? "Yes, but fortunately no major ones. When I went wrong it was usually on small details—like the wallpaper for my bedroom. I chose a gray pattern with pink flowers, but once it was up I realized the pink flowers would have to go. The paper was too expensive to discard so I solved that problem by handpainting each flower white."

The bedroom now is the very essence of what every young movie fan must imagine a star's bedroom to be. The color scheme is gray and white, startling in its simplicity, from the white shag rug to the plain gray spread. The high valance board over the head of the bed is scalloped and covered with white fabric which hangs in drapes from the side to the floor, forming a modified canopy. A gold crucifix is the only decoration on the white headboard, but there is a white bolster with scattered decorator pillows to add a softer touch.

A powder room with mirrored walls opens directly off the bedroom. "I've always loved mirror-topped dressing tables," Dorothy confessed, "and this was the perfect spot for one. I like modern things as well as antiques. As you may have noticed, all my chairs and divans are over-sized. Because the rooms are so large, it was practically a must. I bought a good deal of the furniture at auctions and then had most of it refinished in antique white.

"Speaking of auctions, for months I spent more evenings at them than I did on dates! One night a very amusing thing happened. I had just purchased a pair of lamps and was making out my check when I noticed a friend and her aunt waving at me and pointing to a French Provincial coffee table of cherrywood. It was a bit smaller than what I'd had in mind but I needed one, so I put in a bid and continued making out my check. The bidding went on and my friends continued to wave so I put in another bid for the doggone thing and got it. Later, when I asked my friends what was so special about the coffee table they said, 'What coffee table?' They had merely been motioning to tell me they would meet me out at the car!

"Fortunately, I've developed a special fondness for that table, so the story has, as they say, a happy ending. You know, it's strange but often after people have seen the house they'll ask in that come-on-now-tell-the-truth tone if I didn't employ the services of an interior decorator. Actually, it never even occurred to me! I'm happier doing things my way, and I prefer living with my own ideas."

Just off the living room, Dorothy has a bar that she calls her "ice-cream parlor." Wrought-iron ice-cream chairs, painted white, and glass-topped tables sit comfortably on a white shag carpet, set off by flamingo-pink walls.

But her own favorite retreat is the small den, where she likes to sip her morning coffee. It is lined with built-in bookcases; an oval braided rug covers the rich wood floor; and beyond the collection of rag dolls and stuffed animals, in a niche that

once held a telephone, is her Oscar. In this room she studies her scripts.

Dorothy is considered by many in Hollywood to be something of an enigma. Friends find her a sweet, wholesome girl, considerate and kind—the sort children run to. They claim she is consistently happy and cheerful, loyal, generous to a fault.

On the other hand, she is reportedly introverted and shy, with a great reluctance to appear at social functions. She has a way of ignoring important messages, and she is consistently late for everything, including concerts, although she loves music and has what she calls a "varied library." Her tastes aren't limited.

Dorothy enjoys playing chess and is extremely proud of the white and cocoa alabaster chess set, purchased at Romanoff's, which she keeps set up on the marble coffee table in her living room. "Let your hobbies show," Dorothy says. "They're interesting to others, and decorative, too." She adores horseback riding, tennis and swimming, yet her home is completely feminine. She feels she expresses these two aspects of her personalitiy in a balanced way by bringing the outdoors into the house. "I have two dogs and a parrot and until recently I had some kittens."

She confesses she was inclined to be overly neat when she was growing up, but she no longer empties an ash tray at the first sign of cigarette stubs. "I guess I've been tempered by my brothers and my pets."

Principles in a man are apparently a very important factor to Dorothy, who is still searching for the ideal mate—someone to spend "the rest of my life with." Several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors have applied and been found wanting.

"Perhaps I'm what psychiatrists call a marital coward," Dorothy said solemnly. "Yet I truly believe there is someone for everyone, and some day I will meet the man who is right for me."

Did she feel that this man would like her home? "I hope so," Dorothy laughed. "But he'll probably find that I still haven't completely finished it!

"I suppose one is never finished decorating," Dorothy said with a smile. "And really, I've found it a source of endless pleasure. At the moment, I'm changing the winding driveway in front of the house to a circular drive built around a heart-shaped bed of red geraniums. I'm also turning one room into a series of large walk-in closets. There are so many wonderful things you can do."

Dorothy didn't realize it, but in showing us her lovely home and giving us her decorating tips, she had really laid out a fine guide for others to follow. Step by step, here it is:

1. Think and plan before you plunge.
2. Read all you can in books and magazines.
3. Browse around shops and auctions to get the best possible knowledge of working materials.
4. Plan harmonizing units, rather than separate, unrelated rooms.
5. Don't be afraid to use your own ideas and skill.
6. Make your home a reflection of your own personality, and those around you.
7. Take your time in getting exactly the pieces of furniture and fabrics that you want—don't decide in a rush.
8. Plan your colors for a restful, pleasing effect.
9. Choose furnishings that are functional, as well as beautiful.
10. Above all, remember that a home is to be lived in—and enjoyed. THE END

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P

"HEY! WE'RE ENGAGED"

Continued from page 36

known him about ten and a half months," answered Diane.

"*About* ten and a half months!" exclaimed Peter. "We met September 26th, 1957."

"We met on a double date," Diane added. "He was with Connie Stevens and I was with Edd Byrnes. He'd wanted to meet me, but I didn't like him at all. We fought. And now I'm glad! If it starts out with a bang it can only go down. We started with a big thud and built up."

"It was a thud, all right," Peter chuckled. "We fought like cats and dogs."

"Did we have any romantic obstacles? Obstacles—smoptacles!" Diane grinned. "*Peter* was the obstacle. He was so serious, he wanted to explore the 'inner me.' He dreamed up big problems. You see, I'm the happy, frivolous type, and Peter hurt my pride. He crabbed my act and I resented it. I finally decided: All right, as long as you're going to poke you'll get to know me—the bad as well as the good. Then things got awfully confusing. He wanted me to like him, so he kept changing. For about three months I didn't know exactly *who* was going to show up for a date. Finally I got through to him."

"She sure did," Peter agreed, "and I liked it. I'd been so overbearing, so overpowering, because I was one big glob of love. I didn't give her a chance to say or do anything. Thank God, finally she was open enough to say, 'Look, you jerk, this is wrong.' When she yanked me out of myself with her frankness, I learned to love life—not pick it to pieces."

"Maybe," Diane pondered, "it took time because we come from different backgrounds. Peter was born in Manhattan, but he's lived all over the place. His mother is a former Broadway actress. She has her own TV show in Yakima, Washington. So acting is in his blood. Then Peter is close to his three brothers, while I'm like an only child. My brother, Norman, and sister, Lucile, are so much older. I was born in Minneapolis and went to grade school and junior high there. Then we came to North Hollywood—I graduated from Hollywood High. I started my career with Jimmy McHugh's touring company as a singer, dancer and actress."

Peter went along with her, nodding after her words had been repeated to him. "That way, I guess we *are* different. All of my background with Mother was theater. I was in plays she directed. She taught me stage knowledge. When I was in the infantry in Alaska, we five fellows and two gals put on twenty-three plays for the personnel. I was doing little-theater work in Hollywood when Albert McCleery gave me the first of four 'NBC Matinee Theater' roles, which started me on TV. But I can't say Diane and I worried much about backgrounds. We got together, didn't we? It's the present that matters—and the future."

Even after we'd been going together awhile," Diane continued, "I didn't know it was love. To tell you why, I'll have to explain about me. I'm very independent, and I thought it would be deadly to be caught in the trap of marriage. While I was doing 'Island of Lost Women,' Peter hung around all the time, and people would nudge me and say, 'He's real gone on you.' I'd look at him and think, 'No!' Then I *read* it in a column, so I looked for the signs. Sure enough—he was gone. Little by little, when I didn't see him I missed him. I started looking forward to our dates. If something good or bad happened, I wanted to talk to him. I started depending on him and my independence flew out the window. It was harder to tell *me* I was in love than it was to tell him, but when I finally admitted it to myself it was all right."

"It took her long enough!" said the "gone" guy. "Me, I didn't want to mess around. I knew she was what I wanted. I made sure before I tried my heart out, then I just told her she'd have a heck of a time getting rid of me."

"Did Peter ask your parents' permission to marry you?"

"He had to!" Diane said. "You see, I confessed to a columnist that we were getting married, and then I was scared to death she'd break it before we told my dad. I expected a big explosion. I thought wildly, 'He'll kill me!' But when Peter and Dad finally had a man-to-man talk, Peter came out with a strange look on his face. Seems Dad was tickled pink. He had left my groom-to-be with this comforting thought: 'Her mother is beautiful. Diane can't hold a candle to her.'"

The recollection amused Peter. "Diane's dad was so happy to give her away that I thought something must be wrong with her. All kidding aside, I wasn't as worried about that talk as she was. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'd been grooming him for it. I had it well thought out and I was well rewarded."

Who's the girl

ROCK HUDSON

is dating?

See October PHOTOPLAY

"Do Peter's parents and yours approve?"

Diane bristled slightly. "Oh, they approve all right—with the usual reservations. Mother's throw-away lines are: 'Do you know all about him? Does he have a good future? What sort of habits does he have? You want to make sure you're right. Does he know how extravagant you are?' And then, of course, the old bromide 'You know you haven't met his family yet.'

"Why can't parents think of something new? I'm not marrying Peter's family, and his mother and stepfather on the phone sound just like Mother and Dad. His mother points out that we shouldn't take it lightly, that this is a hard town to stay married in. His stepfather says, 'If he gives you any trouble take a baseball bat to him.' So what's the problem?"

"No problem," Peter said cheerfully. "Everybody loves everybody."

"When it came to the wedding plans," Diane went on, "Peter was pretty sneaky! My idea was to have a quiet little ceremony in Santa Barbara or Carmel. He agreed. A few days later he'd 'thought about it.' He wanted us to have the white gown, church and all the trimmings! Most men shy away from that, and I was overcome at his thoughtfulness. So we'll be married in the All Saints Episcopal Church, October 11th."

"She said I was *sneaky?* I was not!" Peter protested. "I was just so overwhelmed when she said 'Yes' I would have agreed to anything. I suppose I had it in the back of my head to suggest a big wedding later. It's going to be our only wedding, and I want it right for both of us."

"At least," Diane said, "we've agreed not to look for a home—not for a while anyway. Peter has an apartment—actually it's a little house, the lower end of a hillside duplex. There are two big rooms in knotty pine, with a huge wall of windows and a gorgeous view. The owner's former husband was a seaman—everything is nautical. We even have a ship-to-shore radio. And Peter built a beautiful table with a big hole in the middle. He lined it with copper and then put a Japanese willow tree in it, then surrounded it with white pebbles that look like moth balls. It's just gorgeous!"

"Thank you, dear," Peter grinned, "wherever you are. The place is convenient, too. I drive right down the hill to Warner Brothers. In about a year, we'll buy a house, but we don't expect it to be *the* house. We want to make our home-decorating mistakes early, so when we finally build we'll know exactly what we want."

"How many children do you plan on having?"

That question didn't faze Diane, "Probably two, but, of course, right off the bat I could have triplets and spoil everything."

"Nonsense!" Peter laughed. "I love kids, too. Diane has me outpointed, with her five nieces and three nephews. But I'm a pretty good uncle, even with only two nieces and one nephew."

"Careers," Diane stated firmly, "will be no problem in our household. I might be the star to my parents, but not to anyone else. I think it's going to be fun with both of us working in the same field. We both want to travel—together. When I was in New York I was asked to do a Broadway show starting August 22nd, and I wouldn't do it. A quick marriage and separation immediately if the play has a long run? No!"

"Amen! No wifeless marriage for me!"

"Anyhow," Diane continued, "now I think of Peter's career as being partly mine. I loved the first thing I saw him do, 'Darby's Rangers.' Then he took acting lessons and I hated it. When he stopped he was great again. His pilot film of 'Lawman' was sold in one day. This series will be seen over ABC-TV, right after 'Maverick,' at 8:30 on Sundays. When viewers get a load of Peter Brown, Lawman, it'll be all over but the shouting—better contracts, more publicity. Peter has impact, personally and professionally.

"As for me," she said, "I love comedy. In fact, 20th signed me after my comedy role in 'Teen Age Rebel.' Peter says when I try to look sad I look like Cleo, the basset hound. Still, I haven't had a chance to do comedy since. In 'High School Confidential' at M-G-M, I was a marijuana addict, which, believe me, is not funny. So I feel like a klunk. I feel so inadequate. I wish the producers that signed me would remember I'm a comedienne."

"All they have to do," Peter suggested, "is look at 'Teen Age Rebel' again. They show that to new kids as a perfect example of how to get everything possible out of a funny line. That's my girl! The 'Lawman' series starts on October 5th, my birthday—six days before my wedding day. New life, new love, new show, new world!"

"Along with acting," Diane said, "we have lots of things in common. We both like to go to the movies, and we love the same kind of music: background music, classical, some progressive jazz

(when it's not so far gone it's up in the North Forty) and Sinatra, Nat Cole, June Christy and the Four Freshmen as vocalists. We're both clothes-conscious, even though we both dress casually. Sixty percent of our dates have been in pedal pushers and slacks or cords.

"Peter loves riding, and I'm afraid of horses. But even when I don't participate I'm the best audience in the world. He's jumping horses now, and every time he goes over a fence I jerk right along with him. He loves to swim and ski—I can enjoy watching. One thing we definitely have in common is—chemistry."

"Mmm . . ." Peter echoed. "I second the motion."

Suddenly, Diane snapped out of her dreamy mood. "Oh, I'm getting a real bargain, I am—Peter's a handyman! He fixed a traverse rod in our living room, the TV set and the clock radio he gave me for Christmas. We're probably the only two people in the world who'll have two clock radios and two hi-fi sets when we marry. And he keeps growing—mentally and physically. Yes, I mean that! A year ago he was six foot one, now he's six two. Basically, though, it's his character I love and admire. He's gentle. Not soft—gentle. He wouldn't hurt anybody. He's a nice guy. He knows his work. He knows how to talk to people, and I'm proud of him when I'm with him."

"She really said all that? My Diane . . . She's beautiful and she's sincere." Peter grinned suddenly. "Even when she's wrong—she's sincere!"

"I'm so proud of him," Diane said, "that it makes me painfully aware of my own faults. You see, there are two me's. Common-sense me will be careful and not buy a thing for maybe a week, and then crazy me takes over. If it's a sale, I can't resist it, and charge accounts are so exciting—you just sign your name.

"I'm a good cook, but I have a little problem. Timing. Like last night. Peter was in hysterics watching me in the kitchen. Seems when I get the meat done and start to toss the salad, the vegetables suddenly go 'splat-splut-spizz' all over the stove. By the time that's cleaned up, the meat is cold and the salad still untossed."

"Now wait a minute!" Peter objected. "Some of the things she mentioned aren't faults to me. I love 'em. I love the fact that she's not an even-keel girl. I think that would drive me nutty. *My* greatest fault right now is impatience. It seems so long till October!"

"Peter's the sentimental kind," she sighed. "He didn't just pick up the phone to order these here doo-dads. This ring. And my bracelet-watch. And this locket. He's always bringing me funny things, too. Easter he gave me a huge basket with a cat in the center that looked exactly like my real cat, Marianne, who'll live with us. It also had a huge ostrich with toys inside. Peter said that was like me—full of surprises."

"Sentimental! Listen to who's talking. When she was in New York she sent me a card that showed a little ole lady selling pencils on a street corner. It said, 'I don't do so good when you ain't around.' And she gave me a cup inscribed 'To the World's Greatest Thinker.' That's real sentiment. She gave me a prize, too, on our six-months anniversary. It was a crazy rabbit—a toy one, that is—with a note: 'Anyone who can put up with me for six months deserves a prize.'"

We don't argue much any more," Diane said. "When something's wrong, I just get awfully quiet. If I'm left alone I'll work it out. In time, after we're married, it'll make Peter mad when I'm quiet for a whole day. *Then* we'll argue!"

"Since that first night when we fought like cats and dogs," he said fondly, "I haven't wanted to argue with anyone else."

"Mostly," Diane chuckled, "going together has been one big laugh! I remember the night we were going to a very important premiere. Peter had an abscessed tooth and his mouth was swollen on the right side. I had been bitten by a spider under the right eye, so I looked as if I'd walked into that well-known door. We sailed down the red carpet, talking into the radio mike and TV, posing for photographers, carefully keeping our right sides away. I sailed down the aisle in front of Peter, feeling my veddy veddy regal best. I spotted a friend and gave her a queenly wave. She was indeed a friend. 'Psst,' she hissed, 'you have wave clamps in your hair.' My queenly manner collapsed like a pricked balloon."

"At least," Peter said, "now I won't be disillusioned after we're married. I already know how she looks in curlers—beautiful!"

"But we *can* be very serious, too. We aren't just being young and impulsive, even though I'm twenty-one and Peter's twenty-three. We didn't just jump into things. We heard all the negative advice, but this we know: This is right. Why should we wait? We're lucky—we found each other early. What we have together is so beautiful. Our marriage will be built on a foundation of complete trust, understanding, tolerance, fun . . . and, I must say, chemistry."

Hearing the last of Diane's words repeated to him, Peter for once had no comeback, no flip comment. His voice was soft. "What more can I say?" —DEE PHILLIPS

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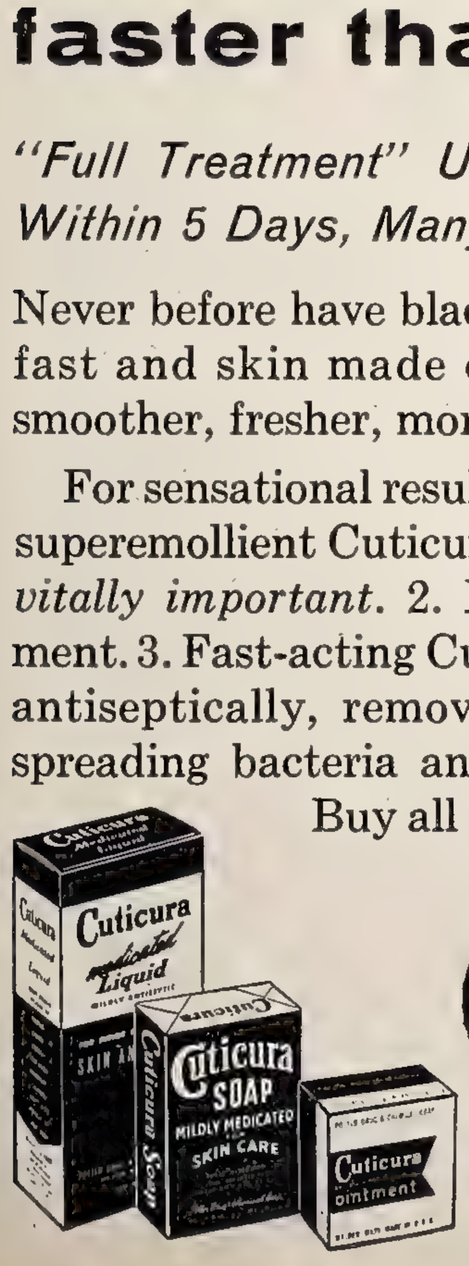

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CAROLYN JONES

Continued from page 59

There I was, Aaron Spelling, director of a Hollywood little-theater group, sitting in the middle of a bare stage surrounded by empty coffee containers, old cigarette butts and a feeling of impending disaster. Jane, my leading lady, had gotten sick and left the show and I had to have a replacement for the next performance. The big problem was—who could learn the role on such short notice?

Just as I was seriously thinking of going downstairs to the Greyhound Bus Terminal beneath the theater and skipping to, say, Boise, Idaho, a young man and a girl came tripping down the aisle of the empty theater toward me.

"I'm Carolyn Jones," said the girl—a brunette with the wildest blue eyes I'd ever seen, "and this is my agent. I'm a friend of Jane's and I'm going to do her part."

"Hah!" I said and bristled. "So you're sure you can do the part, are you?"

"Blindfolded," she replied in an acid tone.

"I just bet!" I thought to myself and handed her the script for an audition reading. With a grand gesture she tossed the script onto a prop table and began reciting the part I'd indicated—from memory. Amazed and grateful, I asked her how she happened to know the lines. "I learned them last night. I really wanted the part." With these words she won both the part *and* me.

A lot of people think we got married right after that, but the truth is we went steady for over a year before we decided to get married. One night we were sitting in a drive-in movie. "Say," I remember telling her, "we've been going together lots—how about going steady?"

She never blinked an eye. "We've *been* going steady. Let's get married!"

We did. One week later. That was four years ago. Carolyn was nineteen, and I was twenty-four. She was under contract to Paramount at the time, and they begged her not to—warned her of the two Hollywood bugaboos. (1) It would hurt her career. (2) We were so young—our marriage wouldn't last. Every anniversary, Carolyn sends them a telegram.

Our first home was a "bachelor" apartment in the Hollywood Hills. Rent was sixty dollars a month, which Carolyn paid cheerfully. I was a director at the time, but I couldn't get a job directing traffic! We were in the apartment just four months, when we had to leave. We paid the rent all right, but the manager objected to Carolyn's pets—a Doberman named Libby, a cocker spaniel named Duchess, a spider monkey named Melvin, and a parrot named Meyer! Carolyn never could understand why they asked us to leave, and to this day, she holds a grudge against that unhappy apartment manager!

The next day, Carolyn called me and told me she'd found a house for us. It was in a good location and the rent was reasonable. I told her to grab it, so it wasn't until we moved in that I saw it. Well, it looked like Frankenstein's tomb. It was on a hill far away from everything. The trees around it were so thick that you couldn't even see the house. Walking through that dark yard was like going through a graveyard at midnight. Worse, the house had glass walls, glass ceilings and glass floors! That was the year of the earthquakes, and every time we felt a tremor, the house would almost break in two! We stayed there for about six months, until one night a friend of ours had a few drinks and walked in—right through the living-room wall! We moved the next day. When the landlord asked why we were leaving, Carolyn said, "It's weird . . . eerie. Last night Aaron turned into a bat." He thought she was nuts and tore up our lease!

Just when everything was going along swell, Carolyn caught pneumonia. The morning she was to test at Columbia for "From Here to Eternity" (Donna Reed got the role and won the Academy Award), we had to rush her to the hospital. For a week, it was touch and go, and I lived in a nightmare of fear—fear of losing someone dearer to me than life itself. I never left the hospital, day or night, and some wonderful actor friends of ours, Paul Richards and Richard Newton, took turns bringing me coffee and sandwiches. One night, about eleven o'clock, the doctor rushed out and told me to come into the room. I tore down the hall like a madman, more frightened than I had ever been in my whole life. When I got into the room, Carolyn had her eyes open. The crisis had passed. I'll never forget her first words to me. "Darling, you look terrible." I sat on the bed beside her, and we both cried like babies. Maybe we were, too. We had no family in California, had very few friends. Carolyn was my whole world. Today, our folks live here. We have lots of friends. But Carolyn's still my whole world.

When Carolyn got out of the hospital, the doctors told her she couldn't work for about three months. Two weeks later, she was doing "Off Limits" with Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney. Everyone told her she was silly. What they didn't know was that the hospital bills had eaten away our savings, and we were on a diet of boloney sandwiches. Carolyn said, "I'd rather drop dead than starve to death," and she went to work!

With Carolyn onscreen in a hit like Paramount's (and Presley's) "King Creole," those days seem far away. Not so long ago, we bought a beautiful home in Sherman Oaks. For the first time in our lives, we don't have to worry about the rent, now that my career's heading up, too! I remember when we first decided to buy our home. Carolyn insisted that it have a swimming pool, and we looked for months before we found a house that we thought was just right for us, high up in the hills, away from everyone. For weeks after we moved in, Carolyn never went near the pool. Finally one day I couldn't take it any more. "You yelled about a pool for months, now why don't you get in it?"

She looked at me with those crazy eyes and said innocently, "I can't swim." That's my girl!

Well, she swims now, right through mid-December!

Strangely enough, Carolyn's sudden zoom to stardom seemed to have a mysterious effect on me. While she was making "The Bachelor Party," I sold my first TV script, and since that time I have written about twenty-five TV shows, and a movie script. And you know something—I think Carolyn is happier about my success than her own. At least, she makes me feel that way—and what greater thing can a wife do for her husband?

Carolyn not only loves me, she loves people. Friends are always pouring in and out of our house, and sometimes the dinner table looks like Sunday night at the boarding house.

Mickey Rooney, with whom Carolyn starred in "Babyface Nelson," loves to dash in for laughs and a couple of sets of table tennis; Jackie Cooper and his wife, Barbara, go for Carolyn's homemade pastrami and TV talk, since we've all been in the business; Peggy King and Carolyn never seem to stop discussing clothes and who's marrying who; and then there are Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner. Carolyn fell in love with both of them when she made "Marjorie Morningstar." With those two, it's always a "ball"!

I don't know who will be the next addition. Carolyn's on the Paramount lot today, working on "One Angry Day," and I'm sure she'll bring someone interesting home to dinner. As you can see, it's an extremely mixed group, all having two things in common—talent and the knack for enjoying life. Every Sunday we get together, even if we've seen each other during the week and it's the wildest. The gang named our house "The Snake Pit," and I think they've got something there.

When Carolyn was in New York, Nick Adams was my "roomie." One night we called Carolyn, and Nat and R. J. got on extension phones, and we held a five-way conversation for an hour and a half! I never did get a chance to talk to Carolyn. Two minutes after we hung up, the phone rang. It was Carolyn calling back. "Darling, I didn't get a chance to tell you goodbye. I love you. Goodbye." The phone went dead—Carolyn didn't want to talk past the three-minute limit!

There is nothing she won't do for a friend. When Nick was up for the role of Tommy Sands' buddy in "Sing Boy Sing," Carolyn called him every day from New York. They discussed the role, worked on the script over the phone, etc. This went on every night for two weeks. When Nick finally got the part, Carolyn called up everyone she knew in New York to tell them the news!

Recently, Carolyn had an interview with a top New York columnist to discuss her role in "Marjorie Morningstar." She spent the whole hour raving about Natalie's performance in the picture. The stunned columnist printed every word of it and ended up by signing Carolyn's name to the article!

Next to helping her friends. I guess what she loves most is yoga. In fact, she's nuts about yoga! She's not interested in the religious aspects of it, but she feels that the exercises are relaxing and physically helpful. Naturally, she insists on me

help more people . . . .
save more lives . . . .
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and her friends trying it, too. It's a funny sight on Sunday to see about ten of us cramped into fantastic yoga positions! One night about two weeks ago, Jimmie Komack frantically phoned Carolyn. "Carolyn, I'm in position number four. Can you come right over?" His knees were locked and Carolyn had to rush over and untie him!

But there's also a very serious side to Carolyn's interest in yoga. Today, when she talks about it, she says firmly and emphatically that it has changed her life. It relaxed her, took the rush-rush-rush off her mind, relieved her of the curse of severe asthmatic attacks which had plagued her since her early childhood. It gave her a clear, fresh skin for the first time in a long while.

Most important, I think, it helped give her peace of mind and objectivity about her life and career. These have made it possible for Carolyn to shoot ahead in a fashion she hardly dreamed of when she first came to Hollywood in 1952.

"B.Y.—before yoga," my honest wife will tell you now, "I was not always the pleasantest girl to be around. Sometimes Aaron, whom I dearly love, would do something I didn't like. Maybe he'd forget to clean the swimming pool or pick up a box of breakfast food at the supermarket down the hill or ask an innocent question like: 'How come you parted your hair on the side today?' Nothing—yet I'd be upset and bite my lip and clam up or even cry, sometimes. Now, thank heaven, my husband doesn't have to put up with Jones's tantrums! I see life from a much more relaxed and happier viewpoint."

And now that she *is* happier, it's easier to get her to indulge herself once in a while—to get her to go on a clothes-shopping spree, for instance. She loves clothes and doesn't feel as guilty as she used to about spending the money. The only trouble is, she has the horrible habit of buying the same style of dress in three or four colors. When I warn her that it will look as if she only has one dress, her typical answer is "I don't care, I like it." She buys special clothes for special occasions: a yoga outfit for her yoga exercises; an English riding outfit for our visits to my cousin's ranch in Texas; beautifully tailored slacks for rehearsals. Invariably, however, she ends up wearing blue jeans to everything!

During her nation-wide tour with "The Bachelor Party," Hecht-Hill-Lancaster provided her with a beautiful wardrobe created by Don Loper. They are really the most fantastic things I have ever seen. The minute she returned from the tour, she put them in the closet and hasn't touched them since. When I asked her why she wasn't wearing them, she replied, "Do you know what these dresses cost? I'm saving them!" Oh, well, we've got the best-dressed closet in Sherman Oaks.

Carolyn feels that Hollywood is really no different from any other town, and she rushes to its defense when it's criticized. I love her remark to Mike Wallace when he did an interview with her on his show in New York. He had been trying desperately for about ten minutes to get her to give him some "dirt" but had failed. Finally, he said, "Now come on, Carolyn, you know that morals in Hollywood are as old-fashioned as sideburns."

Without blinking an eye, she replied, "Haven't you heard, Mike? Sideburns are coming back."

Sounds tough, doesn't she? But she isn't. She's as feminine as black lace. The day Miss Jones first walked up to me and said, "I'm a friend of Jane's and I'm going to do her part"—that was the luckiest day of my life! THE END

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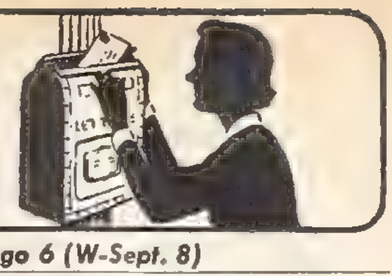

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INGRID'S ANSWER

Continued from page 56

talked for several hours about love, life and children.

"People often tell me they're bored to death reading about my problems," Ingrid said. "But is it my fault? I'd be delighted if they'd leave me alone. One of the reasons that marriage between professional people so rarely succeeds is this merciless spotlight on your personal life. Your troubles are aired to all the world and your case is tried by the public and the press to the point that everyone, including the principals, is sick to death of it.

"You never have the right to quarrel or disagree, as other couples do, without risking a divorce rumor. You must have a continual smile on your face. Of course, there are a few professional marriages which are successful, but it's rare."

After a few minutes of silence, Ingrid smiled—that dazzling, warm smile—and the disturbing shadow which had clouded her clear blue eyes disappeared. Despite the tumultuous nine years since she left Hollywood, Ingrid has not changed in appearance. She seems not to have aged—except for a few added pounds. Her hair seems brighter, her eyes more sparkling, her skin more glowing.

"What qualities do I prize in a husband?" she repeated, thinking hard for a few seconds before answering.

"I have no set rules about it. You like different people for different reasons, and you like them sometimes because of their faults. Naturally, a great love is the crystallization of everything a woman seeks in a man, but it is something that cannot be defined with a generalization."

Her smile was a trifle poignant now. "Oh, I know, many women marry for many reasons other than a great love. They often live out their whole lives without experiencing anything different. But then, what happens to them if by chance they meet the great love?"

She stopped suddenly and looked away. ". . . I don't regret one moment of it . . ." She said no more, but her unspoken words reverberated throughout the room.

"I could never enter into a frivolous relationship with a man," she added eventually. "I am often shocked when I see women flirting outrageously and treating love as a capricious game.

"To me love is such a sacred feeling that it should not be regarded lightly. It would have no meaning for me unless I threw myself into it with every chord of my being.

"Of course, a woman can have male friends without love being involved. I believe pure friendship between men and women not only possible but desirable. I have many male friends. Of course, it goes without saying that friendship can never be as important as love, but it should be cultivated with the same care. It means giving of yourself, being tolerant of others' faults, showing forgiveness and understanding, just as in love.

"Do people ever really change?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't changed, except perhaps superficially. Deep down, I'm the same girl who left Sweden so many years ago, with the same basic ideas and principles, and my actions are governed by these. When I returned to Sweden for the first time after going to Hollywood, all my friends were astonished. They said to me, 'Why, you haven't changed a bit.' They thought Hollywood would have influenced me. It may have—in showing me the value of courage.

"Without courage you have nothing," she said. "You are afraid to be tolerant, and how I hate intolerance! You are afraid to live; you are afraid to love.

"Look around you," she said with spirit. "Have you ever realized how many people miss out on life itself because of a lack of courage; because of fears? Fear of what other people may think. Fear of taking a chance. Fear of failure. And so their yearnings and hopes are frustrated, and their lives run out. They become embittered and feel robbed of life's gifts, and it all comes down to a lack of courage.

"I want my children to be good human beings," Ingrid said earnestly, "self-reliant and thoughtful for others. That's why it's so important for them to feel loved when they are small, so when they grow older they will show love and respect towards others.

"I don't believe in protecting children too much. They must learn by their own mistakes, although parents can soften many of life's blows by preparation. For one thing, they should answer children's questions. No one answered mine when I was a child, and I grew up ignorant about many things.

"Understanding is another quality I want my children to cultivate. If you've been hurt for no apparent reason, you must ask yourself, 'Why have they done this to me?' If you try hard and find an answer, then perhaps you can forgive. And a sense of humor. How very important that is! Thank God I have one. Otherwise I don't know how I could have coped with life sometimes. I feel terribly sorry for people who take themselves seriously and haven't learned to laugh at life's little antics.

"Naturally, parents cannot instill these characteristics in their children by a magic formula. But I believe if you spend a great deal of time with your children, they will end up by absorbing your teachings. That's why mine never have the impression that my work is more important than they are."

Ingrid agreed to leave her children temporarily in Rome with Marcella Mariani, Rossellini's sister, until she had finished her location work on 20th's "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." Not only were they able to finish their schooling without interruption, but they had more opportunities to see their father.

"Of course, the twins are too young to be aware of the separation," Ingrid said sadly. "I realize how unfortunate it is that they are being robbed of a permanent paternal influence, but what can I do? Still, if they know that their parents have remained good friends and they never hear a word of criticism from either about the other, at least that's something saved," Ingrid sighed.

Then she lit another cigarette, and the smile came back, a brave defiance to the world. "I'm not going to influence my children in the choice of their future vocations," she confided. "That's something they must decide for themselves.

"Little Ingrid, I'm certain, will be an actress. She loves to dress up in costume and play-act in front of a mirror. She reminds me so much of myself when I was a child. I lived in a dream world, peopled with the characters from my books and poems. I held long conversations with my imaginary friends, laughing and joking with them. I changed my voice to adapt to their personalities, but despite all the make-believe they were real people to me.

"Little Ingrid is like that, quiet and thoughtful and fervently wrapped up in a world of make-believe. My husband's brother, Renzo, has composed a new operetta and has put in a few lines for her. She was so thrilled about it when I told her. She jumped up and down with joy and cried, 'And do I sing, too?' She was a little disappointed to learn she just had a walk-on part." Ingrid's smile, as so aptly described by one of her coworkers, "went right down to her toes."

"Jenny never had any inclination toward acting." Ingrid was looking tenderly at the portrait of her oldest daughter. "She once said to me with a tear in her voice, 'Do I *have* to become an actress?' I assured her that she didn't have to at all.

"Isabelle is the exact opposite of her twin sister," Ingrid continued. "She is as wild and impulsive as Ingrid is precise and timid. Nothing frightens Isabelle. She wants to try everything. She resembles the Bohemian side of my nature, the side that likes excitement and adventure." Ingrid's smile was a trifle ironic.

"Robertino has inherited my father's artistic talents. He'll probably be a painter or a photographer. He's fascinated by photography. But I'll never thrust advice on him unasked.

"Only in *un*important matters," Ingrid said, "do I seek advice from others. When I go out in the evening, I let

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(2).....	(6).....
(3).....	(7).....
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9-58

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others decide where we're going to eat or what movie we'll see. I hate arguments. When I buy a new dress, I like to have a girlfriend with me to help me decide, because I never know what I want.

"But big decisions about my personal life or my work are mine, and mine alone. When I wanted to go to Italy nine years ago, everyone in Hollywood was against it." (I was amused by the naive candor with which Ingrid spoke of that momentous episode.) "They all said I was crazy," she said, "but I knew I *had* to go.

"I had the same opposition for the French stage production of 'Tea and Sympathy.' Everyone, including my husband, was against it. They said I was out of my mind to want to play in French in front of a sophisticated, hard Paris audience. I was obstinate, and I was determined nothing would change my mind. Well, it was a success. As you know, we played to packed houses for over a year.

"I dislike advising others as well," Ingrid continued. "After all, how can we put ourselves in another's shoes? We can't really know another's true feelings. People still offer me advice these days, and I suppose they mean well. But now . . ." Her smile grew into a soft laugh. "I'm a happy woman."

For all the complications surrounding her, it's easy to understand why. Even during its most dazzling Hollywood period, her career has never looked so brilliant, with the success of Warners' current "Indiscreet" and the completion of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." On agreement with M-G-M, the start of "I Thank a Fool" has been delayed until the beginning of next year, so she may devote the months between to her very full personal life.

There's the summer visit from daughter Jenny, on vacation from Mills College. And, importantly, there is Lars Schmidt. Almost unknown in theatrical circles until a year ago, Schmidt now has to use a pseudonym when he travels. He has been constantly followed by photographers and press people since his name was first linked with Ingrid's.

Schmidt was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, forty-four years ago, son of parents so wealthy that townspeople say, "Lars' father owns a whole street here." Personally, Schmidt seems the opposite of Rossellini: calm, efficient, punctual, easy-going, precise, elegant in dress and manner. "A well-bred gentleman," say acquaintances. He drives a Mercedes sports car, speaks French, English and German fluently and has a large and choice collection of antique furniture.

Rich not just by inheritance but as a result of his own theatrical ventures, he spends his money generously. Those close to Ingrid notice that he particularly enjoys lavishing it on her children. Though she hasn't displayed toward Lars the mad, sudden passion she did toward Rossellini, she has always said frankly, "I enjoy his company." Friends believe that at this stage in her life this is what she wants most.

Questioned on the subject of marriage, Ingrid laughed away all pessimistic doubts. "I *like* being married—and I'm not afraid of it, despite everything." Sad memories intervened, leaving only the hint of a smile around her eyes, and she said gravely, "A woman's life is empty without love. Love is what gives life its meaning. Love and children and one's work."

—MARGARET GARDNER

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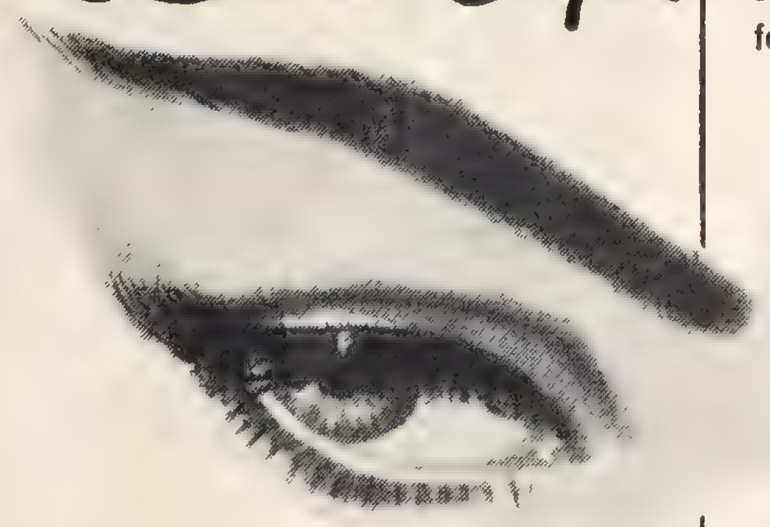

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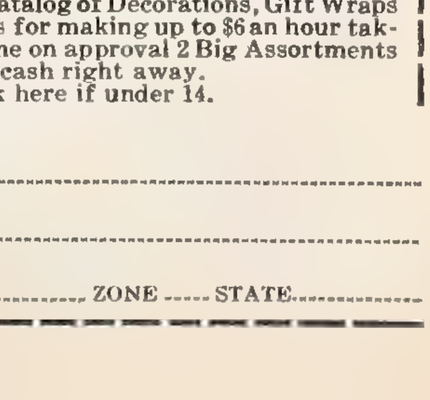

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DEBBIE AND EDDIE

Continued from page 53

increased. It is as if Mike had left Eddie, Debbie, Carrie, and little Todd a special legacy: *Life is short, love is everything; life is short, love is everything. Live!*

So the Fishers have decided to leave Hollywood for a while, to alter the pace, vary the pattern, and broaden the horizons of their lives. California is their home, true, but today it is the place of painful memories, the place where they spent the most time with Liz and Mike, the place where everything seems to remind them of the sorrowful past.

These days, especially in the evenings, Eddie and Debbie spend many hours making plans and preparations for going away. New York is where they're heading. So naturally, Debbie thinks about the housing problem in New York, and like every devoted mother, her main concern is for the welfare of her children. "If for some reason we only stay in New York a month," she says, "we'll leave the kids with their grandparents here in California. But if we stay in the East two months or more, we'll take Carrie and Todd with us. Then Eddie and I will rent a house in the suburbs and we'll commute to Manhattan. Gosh! Commuting. I haven't done that since before I was married when I used to commute regularly from my home in Burbank to the M-G-M studios in Culver City. It'll be exciting. And I know Carrie will find it exciting, too. She'll see snow, real snow, for the first time in her life. We'll give her a sled and . . ."

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Debbie remembers the crazy, lovely things that Mike Todd had given Carrie: two tickets to "Around the World in 80 Days," to be presented to her on her tenth birthday (he was confident the picture would run forever, and he was probably right), some shares of Todd-AO stock, and little zany toys that Carrie always adored. Mike just seemed to have a way with kids. He'd won the love and respect of Liz's two boys, Michael Howard and Christopher Edward, and was nuts about his own six-month-old daughter, Elizabeth Frances. Debbie recalls the time Mike tried to describe just how beautiful he thought little Liza was. With a big grin he had said, "Compared to Liza, Liz looks like Frankenstein's monster!" And, Debbie thinks, "Mike would have loved his namesake; he would have loved little Todd."

And suddenly she recalls another time when she and Eddie were getting ready to go to New York . . .

Memory . . .

They had really been having a ball, getting ready to fly to New York. Mike Todd didn't know they were coming—that would make their act all the better. The Friars were giving this big testimonial dinner for Mike at the Waldorf. He was to be joshed and joked at, ribbed and ridiculed, by all the big names in show business. But wouldn't he be surprised when his two best friends, Eddie and Debbie, popped out on the stage to help in roasting and toasting him. So for the tenth time the Fishers rehearsed the songs and comic routine that would make Mike writhe, wince, and roar with laughter.

But these were songs and jokes Mike was never to hear . . .

Debbie's thoughts return to little Todd, whom she rocks to sleep in her arms. Above, she hears Eddie in the attic, searching for his galoshes. It gets mighty cold in New York—lots of slush and sleet.

Eddie hums a tune—one of the songs he's going to record when he and Debbie go East. And far away, in one of the rooms on the first floor, a telephone rings. And because it is so far away, the phone has a peculiar high-pitched b-r-r-r-ing . . . something like . . . something like . . . like the day he received the news . . .

Memory . . .

It was the day he was about to go to Chicago to see the Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight. Should be a good one, he thought. That Basilio is tough but Sugar Ray knows all the tricks. Nice of Mike to say that he could fly back to California after the fight in *The Liz*. What a guy!

The phone rang. Eddie picked it up and said "Hello." Slowly his face drained of color. He said one word, "No." Then he sank down into a chair.

The doctor found him there, staring at the telephone, repeating over and over again, "Mike is dead. Mike is dead." The doctor gave him a shot and the color gradually returned to his face. Finally, Eddie struggled to his feet, went to tell Debbie the heart-breaking news.

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And on the way he seemed to hear Mike's voice.

Hardly a day had gone by when they hadn't talked to each other by phone. It didn't matter where Mike was—Paris, Moscow, anywhere in the world. He'd call Mike or Mike would call him. And always Mike would sign off the same way, "I love ya!" and Eddie would answer, "Me, too!" Now, as he moved towards Debbie, he heard the words, "I love ya!" and his lips formed the words, "Me, too!"

And Eddie realized, as if Mike were standing next to him and spelling out the words: *Love Is Everything.* The kind of love that Mike had for Liz and the kids. Yes, the kind of love that Mike felt for him, and Debbie and Carrie. For that matter, the kind of love that he, Eddie, felt at this moment, more strongly than ever, for Debbie and for Carrie and for little Todd . . .

Debbie packs some of the things that Carrie and young Todd will probably need in the East, things they'd never need in California. Snowsuits and mittens and warm sweaters and wool hats. As she folds the clothing, she remembers the time when Liz's children, Michael and Christopher and Liza, spent three days at the Fisher house, just after they had lost their father . . .

Memory . . .

As Debbie walked with Eddie up to the entrance of Liz's Coldwater Canyon home, she thought of the way that Mike had acted towards Liz: always making a fuss over her, always telling her what a wonderful mother she was, and how beautiful she was; always giving her gowns and jewels fit for a princess and always treating her like one; always making her feel more beautiful than she was—if that was possible.

Inside the house, Debbie was shocked when she saw Liz. Unbearable grief had distorted her beautiful face into a mask of suffering. She sat staring straight ahead as if she were all alone in the world. As Debbie approached her, a flicker of expression crossed Liz's face. She spoke, and her voice sounded as if it came up from a deep well of tears. "What about the children? What about the children?"

"We'll take care of them. Eddie and I'll take care of them," Debbie answered. And soon the Fishers' maid had bundled the three youngsters over to Eddie and Debbie's house. And Debbie and Eddie had remained at their friend's side, trying to comfort and console her.

For three days, Michael and Christopher and Liza remained snug and protected in the Fisher household. Michael and Christopher wanted to play with Carrie, but all of Liz's youngsters had bad colds so this wasn't possible. But the visitors enjoyed themselves anyhow. For them it was a sort of holiday; they were completely unaware of the tragedy that had occurred. At bedtime, Debbie would return home from her vigil at Liz's house and tuck them in. And as she looked down at them, she'd think, "The family—kids and husband—is all that counts." . . .

Sometimes Eddie paints a mental picture about how life will be for the Fisher clan in New York. It'll be the fall, he thinks, and the Yankees'll still be playing baseball. Maybe he can take Todd to a ball game. Sure, he'll be only six months, but so what? He's twenty-five inches long now and weighs fifteen pounds, and he's only three months old. By then he'll be at least double his present weight and size. Perhaps he won't understand what's going on. But he'd sit with Eddie in his box at the Stadium—that's a real ball-park, no cheap homers like the Dodgers get in Los Angeles—and Eddie'll buy him a hot dog. When Mickey Mantle hits one into the bleachers, Todd will cheer . . .

Memory . . .

Todd will cheer. That did it. Todd was Mike's namesake, and, Eddie remembered, Mike always cheered. Nothing halfway about him. He was enthusiastic about everything: sports, travel, Liz, the kids, life itself. That's why it had been so difficult to comfort Liz on the plane trip to Chicago for the funeral. How, when you yourself can't believe that a guy who was so alive is no longer alive, can you find words to make things easier for another? Nevertheless, he had sat on the arm of the chair across the aisle from her and tried his best. But his words faded into the deep void of their mutual sorrow.

And then there had been that night weeks after the funeral was over. Liz had phoned 'way after midnight. She'd had a terrible nightmare. She needed help. Eddie had slipped on a shirt, slacks and shoes and rushed over to her house. Liz was trembling and white. She had been working hard on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Throwing herself into work had helped. But sometimes, especially at night, the absence of Mike, the loss of Mike, was unbearable.

Liz talked and Eddie listened. She *was* talking; that was the main thing. All the pain that had been bottled up was pouring out. For hours, it seemed, she talked and she wept. All about Mike. Their life together. Their love for each other. How Mike had dashed around buying baby clothes for Liza in Paris. How he had bought out entire stores, or so it seemed when package after package after package addressed to Miss Liza Todd began to arrive at the hotel where they were staying. How the first dress Liza ever wore had been a dream. When she outgrew it, Mike—sentimental fool—had it framed and hung it on their bedroom wall.

Gradually, Liz had run out of things to say. Sleepily, she said good night to Eddie and went up to her room, he hoped for her first night's rest in weeks. On his way home Eddie Fisher said a silent prayer: "Keep our family safe and sound. Keep us together." . . .

And Debbie and Eddie are living that prayer every day. They don't plan to settle immediately in New York. No, in midsummer, Eddie's appendix permitting, they're going to Europe as kind of unofficial American ambassadors to the Brussels International Fair. So on many an evening they pore over maps, figuring out where they'll go and what they'll see after their visit to the Fair is completed. They plan to visit friends in Italy and France and England.

But Europe, too, is a place they associate fondly with Mike and Liz. For it was just last summer that Eddie and Debbie stayed a week at the Todds' luxurious estate, the Villa Fiorentina, on the French Riviera. It had been swell being together and in one place for seven whole days. For Eddie had been moving all over Europe, signing up acts for his TV show, and Debbie had seen little of him. What they learned from Liz and Mike at the Villa was that it was possible to say No to work, No to pressure, No to other people's demands on your time and energy, and just drift for a time. . .

Memory . . .

For the Fishers the impressive feature of the Villa wasn't the private dock on the Mediterranean, or the huge swimming pool, or the fabulous grounds, or the breathtaking view, or the magnificent building itself, or the luxurious Rolls Royce, in which Liz and Mike explored the surrounding countryside. Or even the large sun-room filled with Liz's canaries, which knocked them for a loop. ("A room full of song," Mike called it. And he was right.) The most important part of their stay was the wonderful closeness the four of them had felt for each other.

For a week Eddie and Debbie swam and water-skied, cruised about on one of Mike's fast boats, sunned, loafed, and had a grand time. Liz took it easy—her pregnancy was well along—but Mike frolicked and frisked about with his guests. Motherhood seemed to be catching, however, for it was at the Villa Fiorentina that Debbie first suspected that she, too, was going to have another child.

The Todds and the Fishers went to the races in Paris together (they won), and Eddie and Debbie were among the 2,500 "intimate" friends that Mike and Liz in-

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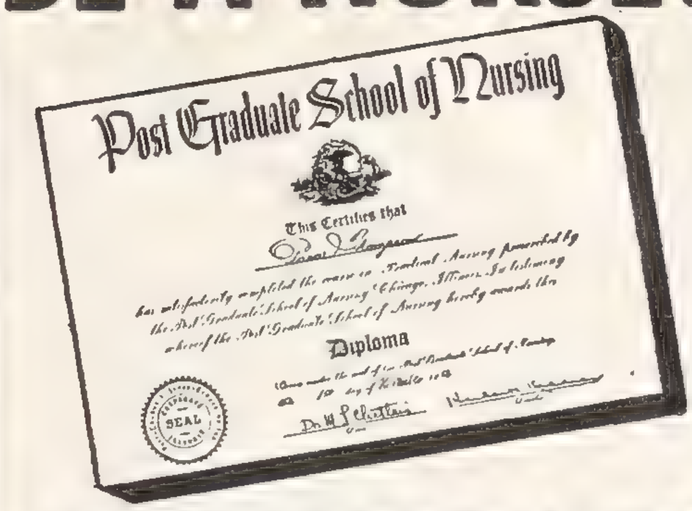

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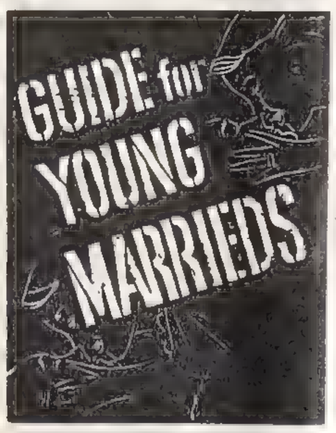

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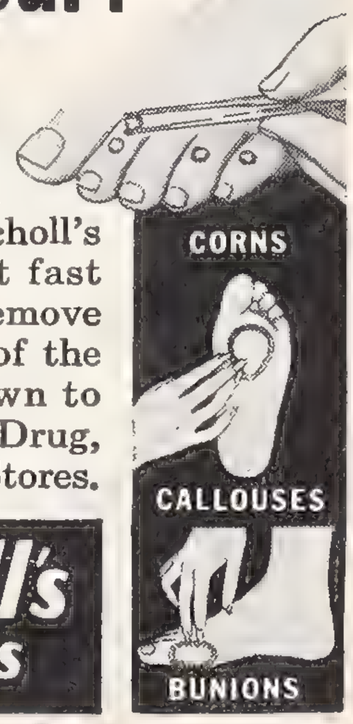

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vited to a post-premiere party after the initial London showing of "Around the World in 80 Days." The crowds cheered Debbie and Eddie as they made their way through the streets to the Thames River, where riverboats and barges were waiting to transport them and the other guests to Battersea Gardens, London's Coney Island, for the celebration.

As they crossed the river, everyone had drunk vintage champagne. Liz looked magnificent in a new Dior dress of ruby red chiffon, with a new necklace of diamonds and earrings to match. "Mike bought them for me for *his* birthday," Liz said to Eddie and Debbie. And Mike joined in the laughter.

When they'd reached the farther shore it had started to rain. But nobody cared. Mike had even thought of *that* and supplied 2,500 raincoats for everyone. So they ate and drank and partied until dawn. Sure, it had cost Mike more than $200,000. But, as Mike had said, what's a few bucks when friends are really enjoying themselves!

How different things were now, Eddie thought sadly, as he gathered his things together.

Something about the Fishers' desire to leave Hollywood for a while can be learned from items that have been appearing in newspaper columns. What they say, in effect, is that Liz is looking for a new home. She wants to rent a place, not buy, because she isn't sure where she wants to have a permanent home. And, they sadly add, Liz Taylor has had the sorrowful chore of packing Mike Todd's personal belongings before the dismantling of the Palm Springs home she and her late husband shared.

When they read items like these, is it any wonder that Debbie and Eddie think back to happier days, to their wonderful times together on the Riviera, or to Mike and Liz's wedding, at which Eddie was the best man and Debbie was the matron of honor? . . .

Memory . . .

The party after the ceremony at Acapulco, Mexico, had been a real Mike Todd production. The night was perfect, balmy and beautiful. No need for raincoats this time. But Mike provided something else: Tarascan Indian sport shirts with the initials ET and MT on every one. That, and the refreshments, of course. Twenty-two cases of iced champagne and buffet supper of giant crabs, baby lobsters, baked oysters, caviar, smoked turkey, and every conceivable Mexican dish. There had been dancing, singing (Eddie had sung several songs), entertainment. At the end of the evening, the sky was suddenly lit up by a brilliant display of fireworks, climaxed with the appearance of two blazing hearts in the heavens, intertwined, in which were the initials MT and ETT.

Liz had been pretty shaky before the ceremony. It had only been fourteen days before that she had been released from a New York hospital after an eight-and-one-half-week confinement. She had undergone an emergency operation for a crushed spinal disc. Too weary to acquire her complete trousseau, she had retired to bed. So Debbie, Eddie and Mike had finished the shopping for her. And at the party after the ceremony, Liz—under Mike's solicitous care—had sipped champagne, danced a little and really had a good time. It had been a memorable evening.

It was during this period that Liz had done something for which Debbie and Eddie are eternally grateful. A Mexican reporter, spotting the Fishers at Acapulco (famous as a place where quick divorces may be secured), didn't know they were there for the wedding, and guessed they were there for a divorce. The next day some of the Mexican papers carried the story that the Fishers were splitting up. And some columnists back in the United States picked up the item.

Shortly after this, Liz made a statement to the press about Debbie and Eddie, which revealed the lie in this rumor, and others like it. Demonstrating her real affection for and understanding of her friends, Liz said: "The real trouble exists not between Debbie and Eddie, but between the Fishers and a lot of people who don't understand them. Hollywood is a town that oozes pessimism, but most of it comes from those who have never quite learned the meaning of self-confidence and hope. There are two careers in the Fisher family. That, according to the pessimists, should create every possible kind of marital complication. It hasn't for the Fishers. They are both sensitive individuals. But instead of their sensitivity causing disagreements, Eddie and Debbie fool their critics by understanding each other."

With a friend like this, is it any wonder that Eddie and Debbie have gone all out to try to comfort Liz, to help her take an interest again in things around her. And slowly Liz Taylor is coming back to life.

One day Debbie appeared on the set of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" wearing a huge Mexican sombrero and Capri pants. Over her shoulder was slung a rainbow-colored serape. She had just come from a charity party, and Liz was intrigued by her costume. Soon the two women were chatting away about clothes, and clothes, and clothes. It was like old times.

And one evening Debbie lured Liz out of her house and took her to the U-I projection room. There they both watched a screening of Debbie's comedy, "This Happy Feeling." Liz laughed and clapped her hands at a number of scenes. Again it was like old times. Debbie hadn't heard Liz laugh so hard since the time they had gotten lost in the sky . . .

Memory . . .

On New Year's Eve, December 31, 1957, the Todds and the Fishers had decided they wanted to go to Las Vegas to see the Judy Garland and Harry Belafonte shows. So they all boarded *The Liz* and took off for Vegas. Because Debbie was expecting momentarily, a doctor came along for the ride, just in case.

Well, they landed—not in Las Vegas but in Palm Springs. No one had bothered to tell the pilot their destination so he had taken it for granted that they were heading for the Todd home in Palm Springs.

Back into the air they had climbed and headed for Nevada. Midnight came while they were still in the sky and everyone, except the doctor and the pilot, celebrated with champagne and caviar. Then they landed at Las Vegas.

After the shows, everything had gone screwy. First, they decided to stay overnight in Nevada. Then they climbed aboard the plane and headed for L.A. But in mid-flight, Mike had a sudden desire to see the kids, so they changed their course and flew to Palm Springs.

Unexpected visitors had shown up at the Todd house, so there was no room for the pilot, the doctor and the Fishers to stay overnight. Luckily, the Fishers have their own house in Palm Springs so they decided to stay there. But their home was locked and they had forgotten the key—which left only one thing to do and they did it: broke into their own house. . .

Yes, Debbie and Eddie are leaving Hollywood for a while. Europe, New York, and then who knows? They are not selling their house in California—yet. But they are taking a long vacation in Europe and will then go to New York. Eddie will have his recordings and his TV show; Debbie will take dancing lessons and will spend some time observing the dramatic workshops at the Actors Studio. Chances are they'll bring the children East once they get settled.

Mike's death and Liz's sorrow have taught Debbie and Eddie that love is everything, that the family is all. No marriage, they realize, can be perfect. They have problems and disagreements. There are always forces and tensions that put a strain on married life. But they are determined to solve their problems, prove the gossips wrong, work out their disagreements. Their time for mourning is coming to an end; now is the time for them to begin to forget.

As for Liz, she knows she has something to go on for—her children. Recently she said, "Part of Mike still lives in our little girl, Liza. He would want me to give her all the love and devotion we both would have lavished on her. And the two boys, too. Mike loved the boys." THE END

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THE FIRST YEAR . . .

Continued from page 42

this, his bride burst into a full-throated laugh which ended with each collapsing into the other's arms, muttering something about "Let's try it for the thirty-second time."

Such is life with Steve and Eydie at their Fifty-Seventh Street apartment in New York City in this, the first wonderful, wacky year of their marriage.

To say that Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lawrence are in love is an understatement. An afternoon with them is like a day in the country. Visit them and you'll find they're as stimulating as a bottle of vitamin tablets—and much nicer to take.

Steve ushers us into the living room, leaping over a huge white hassock which stands in the way. Landing on all fours, he emits a Tarzan-like cry. Then he invites his mate to join him on the hassock. She does. It is ample for two and very cosy for people in love.

"It's fun to be a little crazy," Steve begins, "and we take it as a good luck sign that our marriage got off to a real crazy start. What happened? Well, it was to take place in a Las Vegas hotel at noon. I got there, Eydie got there, and so did the flowers, the cake, the champagne and most of the guests. The rabbi was about to begin the ceremony when who should burst in but Joe E. Lewis wearing a night shirt and a Jewish skull cap. The cap was appropriate for the wedding ceremony—but *that* night shirt! Joe E. was breathless from running. 'This is the earliest I ever got up in my life,' he said to Eydie and me. 'It just goes to show how much I like you kids.' We loved him for it but the rabbi said he couldn't go on with the ceremony until we did something with the man in the night shirt. Well, we sent Joe E. home, he changed, rushed back—and so we were married."

There is some byplay at this point wherein Eydie pushes her mate off the hassock and he plays dead on the floor until she says affectionately, "Good doggie, good doggie!"

Steve rolls over on his back and Eydie scratches his stomach. Then he says, "I wouldn't claim that Eydie fell in love with me right away, but . . ."

"Indeed not," interrupts Eydie, "it was five minutes *after I* met him."

"But," Steve continues, "I do recall we said something original to each other like 'hello.' She was wearing a little blue dress trimmed with blue and white stripes. . . ."

Eydie claps her hands. "Imagine him remembering that!" she cries delightedly.

"And I thought she was cute, real cute," Steve goes on. "It was, you understand, a professional meeting and I was thinking of her solely in terms of a singer. It was for a forty-minute local show, and I thought she'd be nice to be with for forty minutes at a time. As for love, it sort of crept up on us later."

"A creepy love affair," Eydie puts in. Then more seriously, she continues: "You may *say* you fall in love at first sight, it sounds romantic, but real love isn't that simple. It's impossible to fall in love all at once. You have to get to know a person, gradually, over a period of time."

This is the answer to a question that has been asked a number of times by many admirers of these two: "Why didn't you marry sooner?" They were together on the Steve Allen show for a long time; they performed their duet numbers in a manner that made the onlooker feel they were really in love, not just play acting. "So

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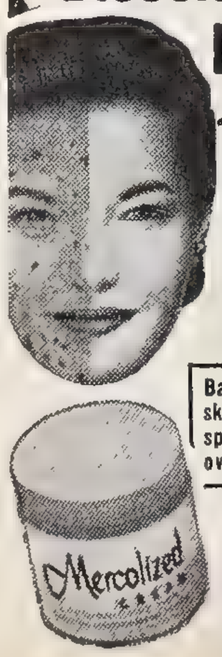

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what are they waiting for?" was the question.

From watching and listening to Steve and Eydie you guess the answer: their good common sense, their sensible rearing, with family life a dominating force in their formative years. They just knew that marriage is a serious step, not to be rushed. Besides, they were separated a good deal of the time with individual night club engagements all over the country.

"Those phone bills!" Steve holds his head. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—and the phone bills larger."

"It's because you talked too much," Eydie puts in. "I used to say, 'How about hanging up?'—but no, you always had something more to tell me."

Steve looks appropriately squelched. "I only wanted to tell her I loved her. Is that bad?"

Eydie cocks her pert little head: "No, it's just repetitious—and expensive. I always heard him the *first* time." Then as an aside she whispers: "But it was always darn nice to hear it again and again. But now we figure there is no sense for people who want to be together to be separated. So I'm booked when Steve will be free so he can go with me, and he's arranged his bookings when I'm free so I can go with him. We won't make as much money that way, as if we both took continuous engagements, but we need to be together. We want the happiness of sharing our lives.

"We complement each other," says Eydie. "Steve is very easygoing, relaxed. I'm inclined to be more tense. I've learned the joy of relaxation since I married Steve."

"I rub off on people," Steve comments.

"He dominates, of course," says Eydie.

"No, she does," says Steve.

Eydie considers seriously for a moment. "I guess maybe he's right. He asks me what I'd like to do—with *his* mind already made up!"

"Not so, not so!" cries Steve, grinning. "She means like if I ask her would she like me to make breakfast and bring it to her in bed. She would, and I do."

And he makes a neat ham and egg dish," smiles Eydie. "And he's very good for me. I'm stronger now—more able to make decisions. I used to be wishy-washy. Now, faced with a problem, I face it, and I'm able to size up a situation more quickly. I used to be shy with strangers. I felt inferior. So many silly little things that I'm so much better about since I have Steve.

"Your turn." Eydie addresses Steve. He looks quite serious. Then slowly he says: "Eydie gives me a confidence I never had before. It's a feeling of security that comes when somebody loves you. It's great." Then almost as if he were shy of being so sentimentally honest, he reaches down and picks up a slip cover. "Pardon me, lady," he says, addressing the couch. "I don't mean to be fresh, but I want to show what's under you." The couch-material under the slip cover is of beautiful buff velvet, and the huge accompanying chair is a soft pearl gray. "Eydie decorated the whole place," Steve says. "Look at the drapes."

They are indeed unusual—off-white silk, with small black tassels ornamenting the tops, like a valance.

"She does the shopping too," Steve adds proudly.

Suddenly Eydie jumps up, goes into the bedroom, and returns with her wedding dress. She's very proud of it, and she keeps it wrapped in layers of protective materials: first a wrapping of Saran, over which drapes a cellophane bag. The dress is an off-white peau de soie, cocktail length, with a sweep of back panel and a short lace jacket.

Eydie starts to put the dress back in its mummy-like wrappings. Wistfully she says, "I thought at the time of how practical it might prove to be—to wear to parties, for instance. But—I sort of just want to—keep it, always." If there is a little catch in her voice, she brushes it away quickly by adding, "It's well made. It wouldn't wear out."

"It was a wonderful wedding." Steve fills the gap while Eydie goes to put her dress away. "To start a wonderful year."

"Would you like to see the wedding pictures?" Steve produces an enormous white leather album. "This is the best album either of us will ever make," he says. There are dozens of pictures—with their respective families, with the rabbi who performed the ceremony, with each other. "And here's the best pose of all." Steve points out a picture showing him carrying Eydie over an imaginary threshold. "Like grooms are supposed to do," he says.

The threshold of matrimony is indeed the most important portal of a lifetime.

The Steve Lawrences have just begun to discover the magic on the other side of the door.

In fact, for Eydie—as well as for Steve—the glow looks like it's never going to wear off. At the last Academy Award presentations, Eydie rushed up to Red Buttons to congratulate him on receiving the supporting prize. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "the most wonderful year *ever* for both of us. You won an Oscar and I won a Steve!"

Finally, Eydie returns with a white bridal Bible in which are pressed the carnation Steve wore at the wedding and a pink camellia from her bridal bouquet. She even has kept the framework of the bouquet. There are pink bows and clusters of white net rosettes sparkling with sequins. Tenderly she returns it to its box.

As Eydie retreats to put the precious bouquet back in its proper place, Steve produces a lovely crystal cigarette box and tray, Steve Allen's wedding present. "Eydie loves glass." he says.

"Yop." Eydie is back. "And I can see right through you, boy."

"This is another one of our treasures," she says. She shows us a color photo of Judy Garland. It is inscribed: "To darling Eydie and Steve. From your fan Judy." Eydie explains the inscription, "She came to see me when I played the Coconut Grove in California and I visited at her house while I was there. We became close pals. She's the greatest!"

"She certainly is a great entertainer," Steve says. "And speaking of entertainers, my mother and father should be in show business—sort of like a Jewish version of Lucy and Desi—only my mother's fatter. But smart! She recently passed her driver's license test. My father has a great sense of humor. For instance, take a look at this clock." He indicates a fine old French piece, delicately encrusted with etched bronze designs. Its face is fragile crystal and it is edged in a narrow band of gold. It is not a clock anybody would mistake for an everyday timepiece. "Well, my father took one look at it and said: 'It's okay. But it's five minutes slow. Does it have an alarm?'"

Recently Steve's folks moved from Brooklyn to a New York suburb. There his mother revels in a new kitchen, quite different from the old-fashioned one she had for so many years in Brooklyn. "But she still makes the same wonderful dishes," Steve says.

"I'm drooling," interrupts Eydie. "We had stuffed cabbage last time we were out there. Did we eat well that day! On holidays we like to visit both sets of parents. So, we go to one for lunch and the other for dinner. We have big family parties. My sister and her children, Steve's and their kids. Twenty people . . . a small party. Fun!"

"Eydie's mom's got some reputation as a cook, too," says Steve. "She's known from one end of the Bronx to another as a champ at making roast chicken with liver stuffing. Of course," and he pats his stomach, "Eydie is a good cook, too. She cooked a wonderful lunch today. We split a steak, figs and that pink rice she makes.

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It's the end! You'd really love it."

"Could be," puts in Eydie slyly, "you could burst." Then more seriously, "But we're both on a diet. When you're happy it's so easy to take on weight."

"You're thinner," says Steve. "You unhappy?"

"You're thinner, too," she replies, poking him in the tummy. "Nothing but skin and bones. How you must hate me! I can't stand it any longer!" she suddenly says and jumps to her feet.

"What, my hating you?" Steve calls after her as she runs into the dining room.

"No," comes a faraway voice, "the tray."

There is a moment's banging and scraping and a sad-faced Eydie pokes her head around the door jamb.

"Is it sticking to the wall?" asks Steve eagerly.

"Yes," says Eydie, "but now it's upside down!"

Eydie and Steve's chief aim seems to be to please each other. Eydie readily admits she dresses to please Steve. He likes blue and white, and soft pastel shades. Occasionally, she likes to wear a flaming red sweater. Steve bows to this feminine departure.

"And she goes to the tailor with me," Steve says. "She knows fabrics. Her father is a custom tailor. I don't know how I managed to order a suit before Eydie helped me out."

"Actually he lived in a nudist colony," laughed Eydie.

For a moment, they talk about their career plans. "We don't want to be a team exactly," says Eydie. "We want to have individual professional lives, to stand on our own feet. It's great fun working together like on the Steve Allen replacement show now. Steve is so good at comedy. He writes a good deal of his own material."

"Eydie writes some of it too," puts in Steve.

"You look pretty cute when you do a soft shoe," comments Steve.

"You look like a singer dancing," Eydie retorts.

There are so many unusual pieces in the apartment. One is a huge metal stork, which peeks out from enormous metal leaves, and they've painted it chartreuse.

Steve is quick to give its history. "We weren't expecting the stork, but one day this one flew in. We think it is a fugitive from the Bronx Zoo."

All of these unusual treasures in their current home will surely be retained when they get their dream house. This they plan on for the not too distant future, a spacious spot where they can raise their children.

"We want," says Eydie, "a rambling type of house that looks like it's growing right out of the ground. And an old-fashioned garden—very romantic!"

"Just promise me one thing," Steve says to Eydie. "We won't have to hang the clown tray in the dining room of our 'dream' house."

"Oh, but we have to," she cries. "You know how I love clowns."

"That's why she married me," Steve says in mock despair. "She adores clowns."

"But next time, Buster," she says, grabbing the lapels of his coat and staring him straight in the eye, "we don't go lazy and leave it hanging upside down *the way it is now!*"

"Gotcha!" he answers, enveloping her in a big bear-hug..

Just then there is a crashing sound from the direction of the dining room. "See," says Steve between shouts of laughter, "the first year *is* the wackiest!" THE END

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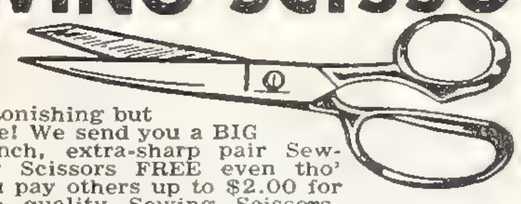
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WHY BING & KATHY NEED THIS BABY

Continued from page 51

Hills—the one in which Bing's four sons had been born and raised; the one about which a few weeks earlier, she had said, "I feel like the star boarder, roaming in and out. I have nothing to do with the housekeeping. There's a woman named Georgia—a wonderful person—who does that. She's been with the family ever since the boys were small, when she was their governess."

Georgia—a wonderful woman—part of the Crosby family. And the past.

From the beginning—ever since their quiet marriage on October 24—and recently, more than ever before, the Crosbys had been bombarded by the past. In the opinion of skeptics—many of them Bing's own good friends—the marriage could never last and love and romance were ruled out as its basis.

"Wait 'til she starts to change Der Bingle," they warned. "You can't change the past."

. . . *You can't change the past.* Kathryn knew even as she spoke to the surrounding reporters, that people were asking: "Why didn't Bing fly down to be with his bride? See? You can never change a bachelor!" And their life, once again, was a headline.

It seemed it had always been a headline.

"BING TAKES BRIDE YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HIS DAUGHTER IN SURPRISE CEREMONY!" the headlines had screamed when they were married quietly in Nevada.

Bing's friends weren't even there. The feeling is they didn't approve. Bing, obviously, needed a wife, they felt. Not an unusual requirement. After all, Dixie, the mother of his four boys, had died in 1952 and for five years he had roamed around lost. When Dixie was alive, he'd had the anchor he needed. But could twenty-four-year-old Kathryn be that anchor now? "Bing's too set in his ways," the well-meaning worried.

Kathy knew what they said. And so she had devoted all of herself to her husband's interests. She'd studied golf with him ("We don't play together, though. I can't keep up with his game."), fished with him, traveled with him when he was restless, helped decorate the Palm Desert house with him, done benefits with him—lived for him.

"Marriage agrees with me," said Bing some months after the wedding, and Kathy was pleased. "It's great," he continued. "I'm not on the go all the time, always restless the way I was. When you don't have a wife, you know how it is—how you eat out all the time and run around. That can be pretty sad. Now I stay home with Kathryn and we have a wonderful time—reading or watching TV or just talking."

Bing had even said he'd retire. When he'd changed his mind, a few weeks later, and signed a big contract with ABC-TV, she'd laughed. "If it makes Bing happy, it makes me happy." And when he went away on a fishing trip for a few months with friends, again she said, "If it makes him happy, I am happy."

And then more headlines, and more skeptics and more talk.

"She's a lucky girl," they wagged. "Bing's worth at least ten million dollars."

"Ten million?" corrected others. "*Fifteen* million!"

But even with her amazing maturity and good sense, Kathryn Grant could never have been prepared for the barrage of blatant headlines that have faced them across the breakfast table the past few months. She could never have imagined that obligations of the name Crosby included these. True, she would have been the first to acknowledge that her marriage was not going to be an easy one. She knew, too, from the years that she had gone with Bing, that in marrying him she was marrying an American institution. Those who know her—and there are few—also maintain that she knew she would have to contend with the past. To understand Kathryn and Bing, one must understand the past, too.

To the skeptical who did not understand, Kathy had said bluntly, "Our life as Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby will be strictly our personal and private affair." And she—and Bing—had obviously meant it.

But whether Bing's fortune was ten million or fifteen; whether they had four homes or five; whether swimming pools were kidney-shaped or oval—no matter how gracious and luxurious her life with Bing was, Kathryn knew, one important thing was missing—something that she could call her own.

And so she sits alone in her seventh month of pregnancy in the Crosby living room and tells herself that the one thing soon to be theirs and theirs alone is the baby that will be born to them.

That thought, and the life she feels within her, make it easier to contend with the headlines.

Perhaps the four sons that were Dixie's could have helped make this different. As long as her steadying influence had been present, it had made itself felt on Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay—as well as Bing. But when Dixie died, the family just sort of fell apart.

Dennis, twenty-three, had managed to create enough headlines to make the hair on any father's head grow gray—and to make a stepmother, even one only a year older, shrink within herself. He had gone and married a divorced showgirl three years older than himself, a shapely blonde that Bing himself was supposed to have dated. Then, right after this, another divorcée, also older than Dennis, claimed him as the father of her illegitimate child who just happened to be named Denise—no doubt a boy would have been named Dennis Jr.

What probably hurt the most was that Dennis was supposed to be the apple of his father's eye—yet when Dennis and his bride showed up at one of the five Crosby dwellings, his father wasn't around. Nothing material was missing—there was food, lodging, clothing, money—but no father. ("The housekeeper said he's gone on a fishing trip in Alaska," Dennis said.)

And no mother. It wasn't Kathryn's fault. How could she, one year his senior, become a mother to him? Shortly after the headlines became still, a bewildered Dennis told a more bewildered press, "Right now we're just looking around, sort of. We haven't found a place of our own, but we're looking hard." A place of their own? With Bing's five homes available?

Dennis' particular difficulties happened to be the worst, but there was a sameness to all four boys' activities that tells a story.

Gary, the strapping 200-pounder, got into more than one scrape at college, with a highway crash that killed a passenger in another car. Philip had his share of news coverage, too. Once he, too, had had an auto accident, landing in a hospital with cracked vertebrae to show for it; and more recently he made headlines squiring a Las Vegas showgirl, Sandra Drummond, touching off romance rumors.

Dennis, too, was once arrested for drunken driving, but a lenient judge dismissed the case because he was in the Army by then and leaving for Germany. The youngest, Lindsay, had been on the way to becoming a priest when his mother died—in fact, it was probably his influence that was chiefly responsible for Dixie's conversion to Catholicism. Now he, too, seems more attracted to show business and show people, including a lovely lady, June Blair.

It wasn't only the headlines. The gossip columnists snatched at opportunities to catch Bing up on his every move—or lack of it—in small, unobtrusive items. When Gary flew home to the States on leave from Army duty in Germany, to take part in "Mardi Gras," they crowed, "Where was Bing when his oldest son arrived in New York after a two-year absence?" Then, "There was no Bingle around when Gary went on location in Virginia." Then, months later asked a columnist, "Was Bing in the audience at Gary's night club début at New York's Cafe de Paris?" And the answer to her question: "He was not."

Any differences between Bing and the boys were, of course, unfortunate. But they weren't really the fault of any of them—situations just seemed to create themselves. Father and sons aren't the uncomplicated kind of men they appear to be and, like any human beings, they can act in strange ways. It was the new Mrs. Crosby's ill luck to get thrown into the

Kathi Norris

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midst of problems over which no one—especially not she—had any control.

And so Kathryn Crosby, alone in a large house peopled only by servants and memories, dreams of the marriage that would soon become complete. She and Bing would have something at last theirs alone—a baby girl. Baby girl—? She caught herself up quickly. Friends and family had warned repeatedly that she mustn't make up her mind to it. ("No queen ever beat five of a kind," one friend teased Bing.) Still, she didn't think it would be anything else, and had counted on a girl so much she and Bing had even chosen a name—Mary Frances, after a dear family friend, Mrs. Guil (Mary) Banks, the "Aunt Mary" with whom she'd made her home away from home in Hollywood before she was married. And, to the teasing friends, Kathryn had answered, "If we have a boy that's what we'll want most, too."

But girl or boy, in Kathryn's heart was an unsaid prayer for the new baby: "I want it to know love—the sort of love I've had from my parents for as long as I can remember. I want our child to know need, too—not need for money and position, but for learning, accomplishment and the joy in achieving respect of and for others. And I know it'll need the love and companionship of its father as much as I do."

She looked forward eagerly to tomorrow when, after a voice recording rehearsal with Jim Backus for a cartoon to be released next year (Kathryn plays an Oriental princess), the painters would be coming to begin work on the nursery. She would supervise the decorating, switching of furniture and preparation of quarters for "Mary Frances." The room itself was the one that was once Lindsay's "rawhide" room. The all-boy hideaway with its rawhide lamps and nubby brown bedspreads would be transformed to a dainty pastel boudoir.

By Kathryn's own wish the nursery would be decorated around Dixie Crosby's beloved collection of imported China cherub figurines. For years on her birthday, Mother's Day or other special occasions, Bing and the boys would present her with a rare figurine for her collection, each with its own sentiments, its own special reason. And Kathy wanted to decorate the nursery in blue, the color of the dainty figurines.

Blue for the wee one who had caused the rawhide decor to be replaced with nursery rhymes and little people. Blue for the arrival of the new life, the new music, the true and precious beginning of their marriage. THE END

WHAT DOES A WOMAN DO . . . ?

Continued from page 45

and Tony had sailed together on the Queen Elizabeth. She had to begin work on the picture, Tony had to return to his post with CBS-TV in London. It would be wrong, they decided, not to let ten-year-old Melanie and six-year-old Francesca finish the school year. So it was arranged that they would come later on one of the Cunard "Queens" with Nan Patterson, the trusted nurse of seven years. And the girls were so thrilled at the prospect of traveling "like real grown-ups."

Nobody in the household had suspected anything unusual when Tony called one night and told them to take the Pan American Polar Flight to London, instead of the boat. "We'll have more time together that way," he said. A twinge of pain crossed Deborah's face. She knew exactly

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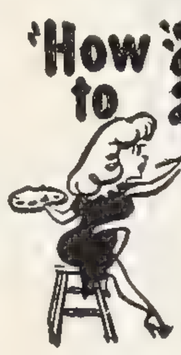

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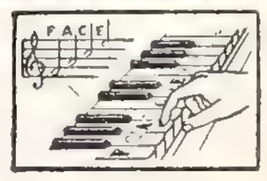

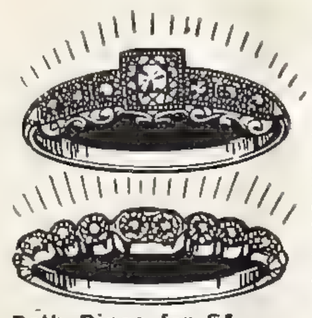

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how it must have been—the youngsters jumping with joy, driving poor Nan to distraction as she tried to rush with the packing. Melanie, whose great current ambition was to be an expert horsewoman, trying to decide which of her beloved books on horses to take. Frankie collecting her favorite stuffed animals. Both of them picking out some new jigsaw puzzles "to work with Mummy." And so happy at the prospect of seeing their Grandmother and Grandfather Bartley, and Deborah's grandmother and aunt. The household staff going along to Los Angeles International Airport to give them a big send-off. And what a thrill it must have been for them, flying over the North Pole to London in seventeen hours and forty minutes!

And then . . . their own world, that tight, secure little world the four of them had known, exploded to bits.

She met Peter Viertel as a writer on the film. A tall American of Austrian parentage, he had been called in to help doctor the script, dealing with the Hungarian anti-Communist revolt in 1956. At thirty-seven (a year older than she), he had a brilliant reputation as writer of a best-seller, "White Hunter, Black Heart," and the screenplays of "African Queen" and "The Sun Also Rises." He also had a reputation as a ladies' man. Long separated from his wife, he had been famed model Bettina's constant escort for several years before she met Aly Khan. Joan Fontaine had been a guest at his thirty-room mansion in Killcock, County Kildare, Ireland. He had squired Rita Hayworth in Paris and escorted Ava Gardner in Hollywood. He was a man of great sophistication and persuasive charm.

That they should become friendly was inevitable. Both were staying at the Imperial Hotel, Vienna's finest, Deborah in a cozy apartment on the second floor, Viertel on the third. And perhaps the events that developed from that chance circumstance were also inevitable . . .

Every morning, promptly at 8:00 a.m., she was picked up by the studio limousine, to be taken to the Rosenheugel movie grounds, where she worked until late in the evening. She loved her work; the picture was an exciting challenge. But often, she was very weary. "I've made four pictures in a row," she would say, with an air of forced gaiety. "That is much too many. It leaves no time for rest."

At first, when she had a day off, she rushed about on happy sight-seeing sprees. To the Auersberg Winter Gardens, to the Kunst-Historisches Museum where, a painter and art lover herself, she gaped in wonder at half the Breughels in the world. To the Hofburg, where the Austrian crown jewels are displayed. "Oh, what fun it will be to show Frankie and Melanie all this," she thought. "Just a few weeks . . . then they'll be here!"

But then, there were no more sights to see. And the old feeling set in—a feeling she knew well. Loneliness. Emptiness. Boredom. In the past few years, when she had been picture-making all over the globe, it had become all too familiar. Usually, it had been possible to bring the children with her, at least part of the time. It was the rest of the time that was so hard.

In London before she had left for Vienna, she and Tony had talked to friends about their plans for the future. "My Old Man" she called Tony, using her favorite pet name, explaining how they just wanted to work hard until they were sure that the children would never have any financial worries. "Yes, Mouse," he had agreed, smiling. "These separations won't last forever."

Now, she wondered wistfully whether she was doing the right thing . . . and wondered again, whenever she saw Peter Viertel. Peter, with his witty conversation and his enthusiasm for intellectual chitchat—an enthusiasm she had recently acquired, but which Tony did not share—helped to fill the void and brighten her lonely hours. And to have dinner with someone, to talk a while—what harm was there in that?

"It must have been some so-called 'friend' who got to Tony and gave him an earful," she thought bitterly. Oh, she knew them well, these myriads of hangers-on who make the lives of movie stars miserable, gleaning bits of gossip, passing them on with the pride of being "in the know." Meddling.

But the damage was done. Tony's retaliation was swift—and devastating. Through his lawyers, Nordon and Company, he had the children made temporary wards of the court. It meant that a judge would decide their destiny. It meant that she could not take them out of England.

To quiet the rising clamor, she had made a brief statement, announcing the separation "with deepest regret" and expressing the hope that she and Tony could resolve their problems.

Outwardly, she was calm, dignified, the "perfect lady" everyone always expected Deborah Kerr to be. Inwardly, she was baffled, heartbroken, enraged, like a tigress whose cubs have been taken from her. At

the first break in shooting, on Whitsuntide weekend, she flew to London. She knew that the move was a sacrifice of position on her part. But if she had to eat humble pie, she would eat it. "Not to have my children with me," she thought. "I can't bear it. No matter what, I can't bear it!"

Friends reported that Tony said, "I cannot understand it for a minute. I see no reason—it's all a great puzzle and torment to me. But if it has to be a break, I want the children."

He had whisked them away to a secret place—probably the home of his parents, Sir Charles and Lady Bartley, in Sussex. But it made no difference. All Deborah's pleas were in vain. Tony remained unmoved.

And now, on the lonely shore, in desperation she tried to find the answer to the question that pounded through her brain like the surf beating against the sand: *"What shall I do? What shall I do?"*

Troubled, she wandered along the deserted beach, thinking. At times, the waves rose around her ankles, then receded, and she watched the grains being carried to the sea. "Maybe that's the way it has been," she thought dully. "Through the twelve years of my marriage. Little by little, bit by bit, wearing and crumbling away." And she remembered something she had said once, when she was questioned about her role in "Tea and Sympathy." Always, she had been able to express herself better, emotionally, when she was acting, or talking about a part. Perhaps it was her English reticence, perhaps the shyness that had haunted her ever since she was a small, thin child, taunted with the cruel nickname, "farthing face," but it was so. She had said, "I believe that when one is young, one thinks of love as something tender. And somehow, when one becomes older, even in marriage this tenderness is lost. I hope this picture will touch people, will make them remember a way of loving that has gone out of their lives. . . ."

How had it gone out of hers? She remembered how it was, when she and Tony had met in 1944. She was a fledgling actress, just getting a start in films, he was a dashing hero of the RAF, a World War II ace with fifteen planes to his credit. It had all been very British, very proper. *"Do you like to hunt?" "Yes, very much." "There is a party on Saturday. Would you care to go?" "Yes, I should like that."*

He had wired a proposal when he was away on a flying jaunt. And, all decorum forgotten, she had answered with all the straightforward warmth that had so often been kept under wraps, before and since: *"Yes. When?"*

When she was offered a Hollywood contract, it was a chance too good to turn down. In 1945, they had come there together, with high spirits and high hopes. But for both of them, those hopes were soon dashed. She had found herself in a straitjacket, playing one insipid English gentlewoman after another. And for Tony, it had been worse. Poor Tony! For three years, he was unable to take a job, because his immigration status was not cleared.

When at last he got his papers, and found a happy niche in TV production, their troubles were not over. With "From Here to Eternity," came the Big Switch for her. And an Academy Award nomination. "Nobody knew I could act," she often said, "until I put on a bathing suit."

If Tony felt uncomfortable at her emergence as an actress with a figure and sex appeal, he didn't show it. Even the ridiculous rumors of a romance between her and Frank Sinatra on the "Eternity" location failed to upset him. "Well, my dear," he laughed, "now you *have* arrived!"

But without their realizing it, their success was pulling them further and further apart. Tony's TV job took him to London. Her work took her—who knew where?

Now, it was too late, perhaps, to recover what they had lost. And here, with the fresh salt air whipping her face, her mind was suddenly clear. "I know now what I must do," she thought. "There is no other choice. If my marriage is to be sacrificed, it is a risk I must take. But I cannot live without my children."

She boarded the plane. Back to Vienna. Back to Peter Viertel. And a few days later, more bad news. Tony had filed a writ charging Viertel with "enticement"—the first step in a suit for damages.

Peter reacted violently, calling the charge "malarkey." But his plans to divorce his wife at long last added more fuel to the fire.

She could delay no longer, then. She had waited, hoping against hope that there might be some way it could be avoided.

She picked up the phone, and called her lawyers in Hollywood. Yes, they were to begin a suit for divorce. It would force a decision on the children's custody. It was the only way to get them back.

When she hung up the phone, she burst into tears. There are times when a woman cannot be both wife and mother. But if she cannot be both, there is only one answer possible. THE END

MY FIRST REAL DATE

Continued from page 34

at her offspring, as she dusted earth from her hands. "That's fine, dear. You'll have fun. John is such a nice boy."

"Mother, do you realize this is my *first real date?*" Sandy rattled on. "Imagine, finally going out with a boy! And it's not going to be a publicity date arranged by the studio, either, like the ones I had with John Saxon and Tommy Sands."

Her mother started to tell Sandy that she was sure it would be a very wonderful evening, but when she looked up, Sandy had vanished—into the house.

Back in her bedroom, Sandy threw herself on her bed and watched the sun dancing on the wall. Isn't it silly, she thought. Here I am leading a glamorous life at sixteen, yet I've never really been on a date with a boy. Oh yes, she thought, I've modeled with tall boys and short boys, actors and athletes, but the minute the camera stops shooting, we always go our separate ways.

She remembered how she felt when she first came to Hollywood. Everyone had been wonderful, but she had been lost until she'd met John Wilder on the Metro lot one day. She'd been borrowed by the studio from Universal-International. John, a child star on radio for years, made her feel at ease right away. Funny, too, that it was John who gave her her first screen kiss. She stretched lazily and thought how sweet it was of John to ask her to go out.

The week flew by until suddenly it was Saturday—only twenty-four hours before date time. "Have you decided what dress you're going to wear?" Mary asked, trying very hard to restrain a smile as she saw her daughter sitting in the middle of her bed surrounded by half a dozen dresses of all colors and materials.

"Not yet. I thought since Johnny invited me to a movie I wouldn't wear anything too fancy. I've already eliminated the pink and the kelly green. Too dressy." Sandy suddenly leaped off the bed. "Why didn't I think of it sooner! There's only one *right* dress to wear—my white one with the roses. Don't you think so, Mommy?"

Mary nodded. "Oh yes, that would be perfect."

"Mommy," Sandy said out of the blue, "tell me again, are you sure he'll open the car door for me? I'd die if I sit there and he doesn't. He might just think I'm too lazy to open it myself! How do boys know they're supposed to?"

"Don't worry," Mary said, "Johnny knows."

Mary could see that Sandy had "stage fright." She sat on the edge of her daughter's bed and began talking—about anything and everything, trying to put her at ease.

Suddenly Sandy interrupted her. "Mommy, do you think I should kiss Johnny good night? That is, if he wants to."

"That's hard to say. You know I've told you before that I don't believe in hard and fast rules." Her mother threw her hands up and laughed. "I don't know exactly what to tell you, dear, except to take it easy and not worry too much about it. I don't think it's right to say a girl should never kiss a boy on a first date—but it only means something if he's a boy you respect and who you know respects you. And now, young lady," Mary said as she leaned over to kiss her daughter's cheek, "the only warnings I want to give you are: Don't talk John's head off the way you do mine sometimes and don't giggle too much! Except for that, I want you to concentrate on having a good time!"

That night Sandy couldn't sleep, and when she awoke next morning it was noon. She went into the kitchen for Sunday breakfast. Always a light eater, she felt doubly like not eating that morning. As usual, her mother insisted she must have something. Sandy shook her head.

"Well, Sandy, it won't be very polite if you go out so hungry that when John asks if you want to eat you wind up ordering everything on the menu!" *That* did the trick—Sandy ate breakfast.

She spent the next half hour putting on a third coat of nail polish—frosted Pink Lightning, to match the pink roses in her dress—and trying to calmly while away the hours. She watched TV, played with her dogs, checked her appointment book for the coming week and then at 3:30 she disappeared into the bathroom and prepared a bubble bath of her favorite gardenia fragrance.

An hour later, Mary stuck her head in. "It's almost five, dear, time to get going."

"Five o'clock," Sandy shrieked, jumping out of the tub. "Mo-oother," she wailed, "I *told* you to call me at quarter to. I'll never be ready!"

"You've plenty of time. Just relax."

Sandy spent the next hour and fifteen minutes dressing. By 6:15 she was ready. Her mother came in, took a sweeping glance, smiled approvingly and said, "Sandy, you look lovely. Do you have your key? Did you remember to put a hanky in your purse?"

Sandy dashed across the room, opened her purse and double-checked. "Thanks for everything, Mommy. You've really been a big help. Ooh! it's six-thirty already." She'd no sooner gotten the words out of her mouth than the doorbell rang, its br-r-r-ing sending a shiver up from the base of her spine.

"He's here! When you open the door don't tell him I'm ready. It's fashionable for a lady to keep her escort waiting. I wouldn't want Johnny to think I've been ready for fifteen whole minutes! Please talk to him for a while, Mother; then I'll make my 'entrance.'"

"All right. But Sandy, don't be *too* fashionably late! . . .

"Come on in, Johnny. Sandy's not quite ready. My, it's good seeing you again," Mary said with genuine enthusiasm as she opened the front door.

Sandy couldn't hear the rest of the conversation. Back in her bedroom, she paced up and down, ran a comb through her hair, put on a fresh dab of perfume. She kept eying the clock until its steady tick seemed to say, "Get going, girl—it's time!" She held her head high, crossed her fingers and walked to the living room.

John stood and smiled a hello; then he and Sandy and her mom sat and chatted for a while. Sandy mostly listened, silently thankful that for the moment Mom was carrying the conversational ball—she'd have her chance to talk soon enough!

Then came a break in the conversation and Sandy said to John, "Want to hear some of my records? I got four new albums yesterday: 'The King and I,' Eydie Gormé, Perry Como and Harry Belafonte. Which would you like?"

"All of them," Johnny grinned. "They just happen to be my four favorites."

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Sandy spread the albums on the floor and pulled the records from their jackets. She put on "The King and I" first. They sat on the floor looking at each other shyly, then they both started singing along with the record:

"Getting to know you, getting to know all about you—
Getting to know you, getting to know that you care . . ."

An hour just flew by. Reluctantly, John looked at his watch. "It's about eight. Think we better get going?"

"All right," Sandy answered. "But let's have a quick glass of milk before we go."

As they headed for the kitchen, Mary called after them, "There are apples in the refrigerator, too, if you want them!"

After their quick snack, Sandy got her coat and as John helped her put it on, Sandy leaned over, kissed her mom good night and then, for one brief moment, clasped her mother's hand—tightly. The gesture said more than a thousand words. It said, "Thanks for everything, Mother."

As they walked off the front porch, Sandy felt deliciously fragile, for John was protectively holding her hand going down the steps. *She was holding hands!* After spending an entire week worrying about whether it would happen and how she would react, it had happened —and so naturally! Her mother was right. "Take things in stride; take things as they come."

John led the way to his new white Ford convertible parked at the curb. The top was down, and it looked very sporty.

"Want me to put the top up? It might be too cold for you," Johnny said as he opened the door. Before closing it, he waited until Sandy had tucked the last folds of her coat under her.

"No, Johnny, please leave it down; I like it this way." How nice of him to ask.

They were off. The breeze gently played tag with her hair. It was a balmy evening, and the sun had yet to sink into the sea. Sandy looked up at the sky and saw the faint outline of a full moon overhead. Nature certainly was wonderful—providing a full moon!

"What show would you like to see?" John asked, heading the car toward Beverly Hills.

"It doesn't matter as long as it's a picture I haven't seen more than once!"

"I brought a newspaper. Let's pull over and check the program log."

They scanned the listings and found a picture at a neighborhood theater that neither of them had seen even once. As they left Wilshire Boulevard and turned into Beverly Drive, Sandy spotted a supermarket window. Without thinking she said, "Look at those delicious cantaloupes! I'll have to remember to ask Mommy to stop tomorrow and get some."

"We can stop right now," John said, pulling to the curb.

"Oh, no, John, please . . ." But it was too late. Sandy blushed and thought to herself, well, here's mistake number one! What a time to go shopping for cantaloupes! Then the blush deepened. She'd forgotten to put "mad money" in her purse—she didn't have a penny with her. She was sure it must be wrong for a date to pay for her next day's breakfast food!

While these thoughts were spinning around in her brain, John, the oh-so-obliging escort, had come around to her side of the car and opened the door. Sandy looked up at him and smiled. *He'd opened the door for her—automatically.* She hadn't had to sit waiting, feeling like a helpless female.

Shopping in the market was fun. Almost like an old married couple doing the weekly marketing. Sandy politely offered to pay for the cantaloupes, knowing John would refuse her money. He did.

They got to the movie just as the lights were dimming. They found seats in the middle of the house, ate two boxes of popcorn—and held hands, oblivious to the fact that their hands were slightly greasy from the popcorn and melted butter. When the show was over they headed for John's car. It was just ten o'clock.

"Let's stop off some place and eat, shall we?" John asked as they got into the car in the parking lot.

"Love to," Sandy agreed, "but where shall we go?"

"Hamburger Hamlet's usually fun," John said. "Besides, it's such a terrific night, we can eat outside on the patio."

John was right. The patio was the perfect place to eat and after the waiter seated them, they ordered hamburgers, french fries and milk. While waiting to be served, they talked about lots of things. Sandy was in heaven. So far there hadn't been even one unfilled pause in the conversation. They laughed about how they'd met at M-G-M; how columnists had described their first screen embrace as the most important kiss since Bob Stack had bussed Deanna Durbin fifteen years before. They laughed again, remembering some of the gag gifts the crew had rigged up to surprise Sandy when she'd celebrated her fifteenth birthday on the set of "Until They Sail." And then talked seriously about their careers and Sandy's new pictures—"The Reluctant Deb" for M-G-M and "Stranger in My Arms" for U-I.

Arriving home, Sandy was amazed to realize how relaxed and at ease she was. She couldn't help mentally patting herself on the back. She'd managed to get through nearly a whole evening without giggling or making any major mistakes she could think of—except for the cantaloupes—and that she'd *never* live down! The car radio was playing softly. She sat sideways, kind of, watching Johnny drive and listening to him talk. She had a warm glow inside. Without putting it into words she knew she was having a good time and instinctively felt that Johnny was enjoying himself, too. At least she hoped so!

"Would you like to come inside for a while?" Sandy asked as Johnny parked in front of her house. Instinctively, she knew he would say yes.

And, as she was unlocking the front door, it was an intuitive flash that made her ask, "Shall we raid the icebox when we go in? I bet you're still a little hungry."

"Boy, you must be psychic!" John said. "I'm *always* hungry!"

As Sandy put her cantaloupes away, John took a peek in the icebox. He selected milk and a juicy red apple from the bottom shelf. Sandy got glasses and a plateful of chocolate cookies and they sat down in the breakfast nook.

"I sure had a nice time tonight, Sandy," John said softly. "By the way, I forgot to tell you, you look mighty sharp this evening."

Sandy felt the color rising in her cheeks. She'd wondered earlier in the evening if he'd notice how she looked. But the more she thought about it the more she understood that Johnny's few words—"You look mighty sharp tonight"—were about as grand a compliment as any girl could get. Those were man's words—not too gushy or enthusiastic—just enough to let her know he liked the way she looked.

They finished their snack and John said it was late, he'd better be going. Again he told her what a wonderful time he'd had and then, just before he opened the door, he leaned over and gently kissed Sandy on the cheek.

"'Bye. I'll call you this week. Maybe if you're free we could go out again next weekend."

Sandy smiled and nodded. In a moment he was off. She could hear him whistling "Getting to Know You" as he bounded down the steps.

Sandy tiptoed to her room, took off her dress, hung it back in the closet, put on her pajamas and robe and scrubbed her face until it tingled. Just then Mary came in. "Hi, honey!" she said. "Have a good time?"

"Oh, Mom—it was just . . . just . . ."

"Perfect?" Mary supplied the right word as she sat down on the edge of Sandy's bed.

"Better than perfect—super-perfect," Sandy giggled. "Oh, I have so much to tell you—all about the cantaloupes and . . ." Sandy flopped on the floor next to her mother and yawned, ". . . stopping at Hamburger Hamlet and . . ."

"Want to sleep on it and save it for tomorrow?" Mary suggested.

"Okay, Moms," yawned Sandy as she got up and into bed. Her mother blew her a kiss and turned out the light.

Sandy snuggled under the blankets. A beam of moonlight streamed in through the venetian blinds and danced on her bed. Sandy reached out to grab it, but as she moved the moonbeam disappeared.

Thoughts, phrases, images raced through her mind: first date . . . dreamy . . . hamburgers . . . he held my hand . . . he kissed me good night . . . raiding the icebox . . . "getting to know all about you . . . getting to know that you care" . . . cantaloupes . . . popcorn. The words and images rolled into each other, creating a montage of wonderful memories. Just before she dozed off, Sandy had one special thought: "Now I'm *officially* sweet sixteen. I've had my first date, my first good-night kiss. Mommy was right—as long as I live I'll never forget tonight, no matter how many other dates I have!"

—MARCIA BORIE

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6 WAYS TO ROPE . . .

Continued from page 30

mistake." Yet it's a very common one.

So ask yourself this: After being a twosome all summer long, do you feel you have certain claims on him? Guilty or not? If the answer is "guilty," don't show your possessiveness, even if you feel it.

Your rude awakening may come as you watch the feminine competition return to town. Maybe that cute brunette was the old steady your Man of the Hour forgot when he met you. There's no guarantee, though, that forgetfulness won't seize him again—with you as victim this time.

Here, some anticipation is your best bet. "Treat his wandering attentions with disinterest instead of tantrums. The diversion is less likely to become a permanent one." Thus spoke Cary Grant, Hollywood's epitome of romance.

"Don't show jealousy, but diplomacy," was Cary's advice, pointing up the moral of the story of one of his friends. It seems this young man's steady girl suddenly became his unsteady while he was out of town. When he returned and learned the news, he pretended not to care. He made no attempt to see the girl or to find out what had happened. All of his friends—and especially the girl—were more than a little astonished at his indifference. Finally, the girl couldn't stand it any longer and she had a friend call up the young man and asked if he were angry with her. He was very friendly, and assured her he wasn't angry and—in fact—wished them both much happiness. Then, waiting until she was about to hang up, he asked in a puzzled voice: "But how could she marry a man who's so short?" It broke the girl's romantic spell and her engagement.

Competition from Other Interests

Other competition comes with the rush of old activities and buddies that threaten to sweep him away from you. Hugh O'Brian warns: "Girls, be not too demanding." You may have had first call on his time all summer but remember summer has more free moments. Now you'll have to share him with many more interests—and people. "But don't begrudge him this time," says Hugh, "without them he wouldn't be the versatile guy you fell in love with. Let him know you believe in leading separate lives for these are the differences that make your relationship more fun. You may have shared deep-sea diving all summer long, but come fall, you might not have poetry, boxing or opera in common. In other words, your 'togetherness' could be strictly seasonal."

"Understanding is terribly important in any relationship between a man and woman," George Nader added, "and I think people who work in motion pictures are very conscious of it. Between jobs, an actor has a lot of free time. Then when filming begins, it's twenty-four hours a day without a break for weeks. Your life is your job and your only companions your co-workers. There's little time to spare—even to think—about anyone else. A girl must be sensitive and mature enough to realize this. It also helps if she's an active person with many interests of her own to help fill those empty weeks. If she is, her understanding will win the gratitude and heart of any guy."

Competition from Parents

You have to guard against competition from within your own home territory. Parents, as you probably already well know, can play havoc with romance (sometimes to your good advantage, though). But your romance stands a better chance when all four parents approve. If his parents think you're both too young to go steady and yours think a college senior is too old for you, or if his parents urge him to date girls from his own hometown and yours argue that you'd do better with the *wonderful* boy next door (whose popularity quotient is high only with Mom and your seven-year-old sister)—you may be in for trouble. Since parents are the ones who ring curfew or can restrict him to home base, it's important to try to make yours like him, and to make his like you. Take this time to win your parents over to your side. Do some research on his parents' special hobbies, then surprise them with your knowledge.

"Planting a cheering section in the opposition's bleachers is an old football trick," said Tony Curtis, "that has helped win many matches." It could be the decisive point in your game, too. Why not try it?

Keep Summer and Your Memory Alive

Recapture summer's mood by keeping alive its memories and the experiences you shared together. Then build for the future upon these common interests. "The most flattering way of telling a boy you like him," suggested Mark Damon, "is to remember the times you've been together and the things you've talked about." Instead of wasting time and tears on what you no longer have now that summer's over, gather together all your memories. Make a note of the wonderful things you did together, days he singled you out for special praise, private jokes and funny experiences, romantic places and incidents. Since men are less emotionally dependent than women and more eager to move on to new challenges, don't take for granted that he'll work as hard as you to preserve those memories.

"A guy may not show it," added Tony Curtis, "but he's certainly impressed when a girl takes the trouble to find out what his hobbies are and to learn a little about them, too." "Show an interest in him and his activities, in the things he does," added Dolores. "If he thinks you're that interested in him, he'll usually return the feeling. This is as important in attracting a man as in holding on to him," she noted.

So bone up on his hobbies. The most effective ammunition a girl can fire is the season's scores for his favorite football team, the latest book written by his favorite author or the newest jazz release for his collection. Or maintain contact by sending him a magazine clipping, a cartoon or photograph that might interest him. "You may not feel these tactics are very romantic," said Dolores, "but there's as much method as romantic madness in this game of love.

"The best way of capturing a boy," she added, "is to let him think he's pursuing you. It takes away a lot of the fun for a boy if the girl is chasing him and there's no suspense about whether he can get a date with her—or if he begins to feel obligated or trapped." So be subtle in your approach. Keep your relationship or reminders of summer light, but sincere. If there's any spark left, you'll rekindle the fire.

"People used to think a boy and girl had to be engaged before they could exchange gifts," Dolores said, "but it's accepted practice today."

"If a girl really likes a boy," Mark added, "I think it's very nice for her to buy him an inexpensive gift—even a little dime store animal to say thanks for his thoughtfulness to her all summer long." The weary hours you spend tracking down a rare jazz classic he once mentioned will

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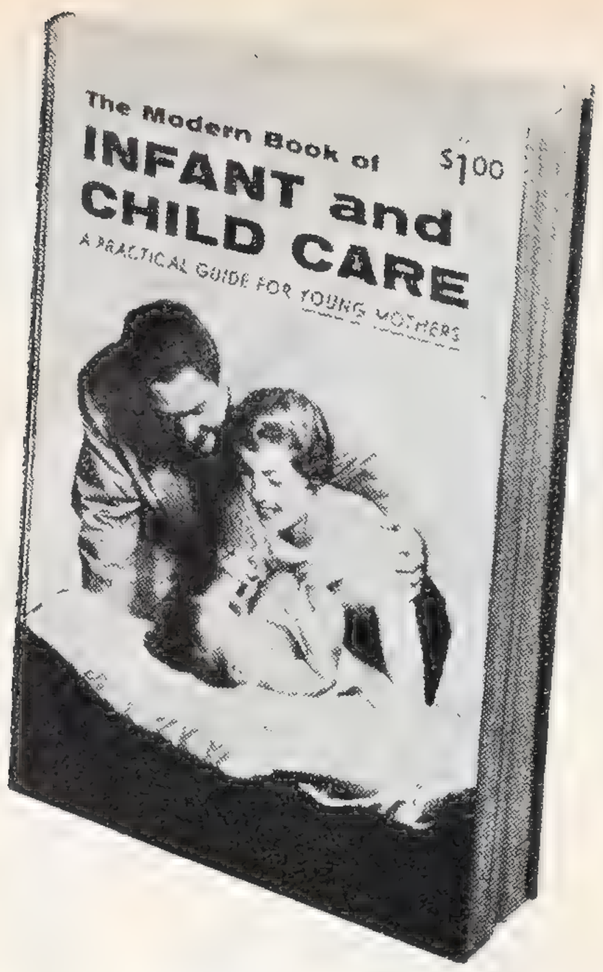

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pay off in his gratitude. A gadget for his car or a homemade pair of socks in his favorite colors will remind him every time he uses them of how thoughtful you are. Remember that lucky piece he jokingly gave you and you sentimentally kept? Make it into a charm for his car key ring. This is one reminder of you he's certain to carry with him wherever he goes. "Even," added Dolores impishly, "long after the car has refused to go anywhere."

Make Absence Disappear

. . . with a letter

"Separation is the deadliest threat to summer romance," in Mark Damon's opinion. And Dolores agreed, saying: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else." If the end of vacation puts miles between you and your special guy, you have a problem that Rock Hudson can sympathize with. Rock, as you remember, spent five months last year on location in Italy and knows what it's like to be at the other end of a separation—and that the results can be unhappy. But the right word can make distances disappear and a letter can be almost as effective as a visit—to keep him thinking of you. The secret of good letter-writing is to be an interesting person yourself and to refer to his activities. The more interests you have the more things you will find to talk about. "Every so often," said Rock, "you receive a fan letter from a complete stranger and something he or she says makes you feel you've known the person for a long time. You begin writing and, although you'll probably never meet, you feel you've found a good friend."

"It's the girl's place to write the first letter," advised Mark Damon, "just as she's supposed to say 'hello' first when you meet on the street."

"But take a hint," warns Hugh O'Brian, "don't pursue him if you don't get a response to your letter."

. . . a weekend invitation—from you

After you've been home awhile, it's proper to invite your summer guy for a special weekend. "This can be a wonderful experience for both of you," said Mark Damon, "but plan the weekend carefully." Hugh O'Brian advised: "Play it cool." Say it would be fun to see him again but that this is also an invitation from your family, who would like him as their guest.

If your guy is gregarious and energetic like Tony Curtis, pick a weekend that will be filled with activity. A major school football game is a good excuse with its bonfire rally the evening before, the big game, a supper party at your home followed by the victory dance. (Even if your team doesn't win, who cares?) Or build the weekend around a special concert, a new play or the annual formal dance.

But if your guy is the shy type, like Rock Hudson, you'll have to work extra hard to make him feel at home. Remember those snapshots you took? You can overcome the initial shyness and recapture the fun and closeness of summer by showing them. Asking him to bring along his pictures is a good idea, too. And if, like Rock, he'd rather be alone than with a crowd of people, save some time for a long walk in the country or for records.

. . . a weekend invitation—from him

An exchange of invitations is in order and you may soon be asked to spend a weekend at his home or to attend a college dance. "The first thing to check," warns Dolores, "is that the weekend will be properly chaperoned." If it's a weekend at home, send an acceptance note to his parents. Flowers or candy are always appropriate as a hostess gift, but try to find something more personalized. "And since the man of the house is rarely remembered with gifts, you can win a staunch ally by bringing Dad his favorite brand of tobacco or cigars," said Tony Curtis, thinking ahead to the days when Kelly Lee will be bringing her dates home.

"Taking a girl home to my parents," remembered Mark Damon, "is often an awkward and strained experience because it indicates that this is someone very special. Most parents tend to sit back with a jaundiced eye and the girl gets nervous knowing she's under observation." Mark's advice to girls is: "Try and get the focus off yourself." Concentrate on the parents. Compliment them on their home. Comment on their hobbies. "If nothing else," Mark offered, "it starts the conversation going and shows a flattering interest in them."

"A good giveaway of what a boy is really like," confided Dolores, "is the way he treats his mother. You get an idea of how he'd act toward you if you were to spend a lot of time together."

Appearance and manners create the strongest impression when meeting parents, so take extra care with them. Mark Damon advises: "Dress nicely—not too casual or extreme; be soft-spoken—responsive but not forward—and show a certain respect for his or her parents."

That impression you create on his parents begins from the second of your arrival. "No girl makes an attractive entrance if she staggers off the train loaded down with luggage," said Hugh O'Brian. "She looks silly. Besides, it's kind of embarrassing to her date."

"It's also embarrassing to the girl," laughed Dolores, "to arrive for a weekend with all the wrong clothes. Men seldom realize that a girl can't wear the same dress to a basketball game, the theater and a dance. So check in advance to see what's on for the weekend," she advised. The right wardrobe will give you more confidence in yourself. It will also make him proud of your good taste in knowing how to dress for each occasion—especially if he's only seen you in sneakers and jeans all summer.

"Whatever the plans are for the weekend, be enthusiastic," pleaded Hugh. Maybe you've been dreaming of the impression you'll make by dining by candlelight in your new black dress. Instead, you find yourself sitting on the floor eating hamburgers and french fries. Don't act peeved. Forget the dress and join the fun.

"A girl has to be adaptable to be a good dating—or marriage—companion," said George Nader. "One of the greatest enjoyments in life is doing the unexpected. One night my date and I were on our way to a premiere. Halfway there, we decided it would be much more fun to go for a swim and a walk along the beach. We turned around, changed from evening clothes into swimsuits and had a wonderful time."

Remember that your weekend visit could be a test of how well you fit in with his friends, his family, his interests, his life. "And remember, too," added Hugh, "that a boy spends a lot of time—and money—planning how to entertain a date. The least a girl can do to repay him is to enter into the swing of things and let him know she's enjoying herself." And if you haven't enjoyed the weekend, reconsider whether he's the right guy for you.

Know Your Man

"Just falling in love isn't enough," said George Nader. "A lasting relationship needs a more solid foundation. It's important to share and understand each other's views, to look at life in the same way, to enjoy the same things, to dream the same dreams." If you're seriously considering your summer romance as a can-

didate for marriage—or even for a long-term friendship—take George Nader's advice.

"People are forever changing their personalities," said Dolores, ". . . from season to season, from day to day. So keep up with the changes." Get to know your guy's winter personality, to know how to continue to be attractive to him—and to be sure he's still attractive to you. "Remember that lifeguard I told you about?" Dolores smilingly reminisced. "I was wild about him and thought he was the most wonderful thing in the world when he was strutting around the pool in his white shorts, red striped shirt and crew cut. But when I met him later on that year in school, it was a terrible experience. With a shirt on, his hair grown out and no pool to back him up, he was nothing."

But if he is *the* one, learn everything you can about him—his hobbies; his special weaknesses in food, books, music, clothes; his pet peeves; his sensitivities and tiny egotisms; the limits of his patience and the range of his temper; his willingness to compromise or admit his errors. Since a person is constantly changing, you have to know him well to be a pleasant and interesting companion. "Love must be backed up by understanding and hard work if it's going to produce a good friendship or a lasting marriage," said Tony Curtis, sharing his formula for a happy marriage.

"But, girls, be warned," advised Hugh O'Brian. "Never try to change your man." This is the first rule every woman must learn: Loving him is loving him "as is."

"I'm set in my ways and no one is going to reform me," agreed Rock Hudson, speaking for himself. If you suddenly realize that casual air which made him such fun at a barbecue isn't polished enough for the dance floor, decide which is more important. You'll have to make a choice since you can't change him without losing him in the attempt.

Keep Growing as a Person

At the same time, examine yourself. Do you share the same likes and dislikes? Or was summer one long compromise? As Hugh O'Brian said, "Making beautiful music together is a pretty sentiment but it can only happen if your interests are in harmony."

"Disagreement can be healthy and stimulating, but only if each respects the other's views," added Rock Hudson.

So put your mind and not just your feelings to work in deciding how right you are for each other. No two people think or feel exactly alike but are your interests, ideals and ambitions close enough to last for more than a vacation? "I'd advise a girl to date as much as possible," said Dolores, "since you owe it to yourself to see what kind of personality best fits yours."

A girl's greatest asset in holding a boy is her own personality, so she should work hard to make it an interesting one. "A girl should be feminine, friendly and at ease in any social situation," says Hugh O'Brian.

". . . Well-groomed, well-informed and interested in her date's ideas," added George Nader.

"Not jealous or possessive," offered Rock Hudson.

Mark Damon thought: "Charm, simplicity and honesty are very important."

"A girl's biggest mistake is to stop trying to be an attractive person after she's captured her boy," suggested Dolores. "Men tire pretty quickly of girls with limited interests, so you have to work even harder afterward to continue to be exciting to be with."

But that doesn't mean you should revamp your personality when you return home. "The surest way of breaking up a summer romance is to develop a split personality," said Mark Damon, ". . . one for July, another for September." If your summer romance fell in love with you for your wholesomeness, your keen enjoyment of life, your disregard of sand in your shoes and seaspray in your hair, stay that way . . . if that's the real you. Don't play the role of bored sophistication when you switch back to town and high heels. In the confusion, you may lose your guy.

"And don't change from pupil to teacher with the change of season," warned Hugh O'Brian. All summer long you turned to him for advice on sailing, riding or lighting a fire. He was flattered and loved it—and loved you for it.

"It doesn't pay to 'play dumb,' since most guys want a girl they can talk with." added Mark Damon. "But no guy is attracted by a girl who knows more—or thinks she does—than he does." Men like to feel needed so be dependent. You may find he'll soon be listing you as a permanent dependent on his income tax.

"But the most important thing to remember," concluded Dolores, "is that people tend to fall in love with love in the summer. It's the season—not the person—you fall for. Then summer ends, the sky gets darker and grayer earlier, the mood changes and romance just comes to an end. If this happens, always keep in mind that there is a tomorrow—with new people, exciting adventures and an even more fascinating romance." —G. DIVAS

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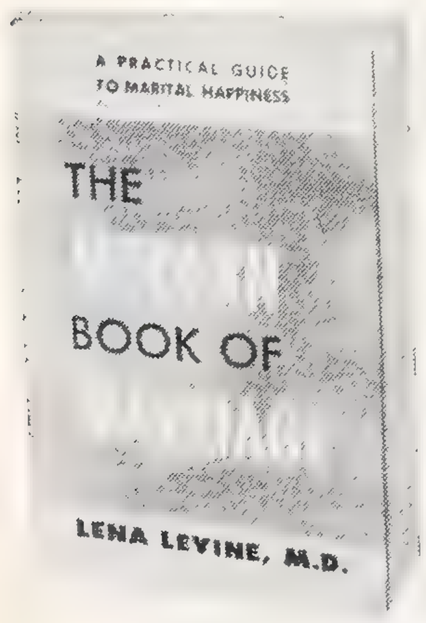

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GUNNIN' FOR A SHY GUY?

Continued from page 60

routine, only with *Kitty* it would seem kinda silly. And, of course," she continues, "there's that never-failing line of 'Goodbye, dear, I'm leaving forever on the next stagecoach.' And all of a sudden the big goon would be overcome with a sense of loss and aloneness. (And Dodge City, Kansas, in 1870 can be mighty lonely.) But with a line like that, *Kitty* would have her man hog-tied to Sunday in two minutes flat. Adult viewers would be happy for a while and then probably lose interest.

"You see, *Kitty* knows she could hook *Matt* by the small, helpless, I'm-going-away-forever routine. But there's too much honesty in her character for any such selfish conniving. And that big U.S. marshal knows it, too, and respects her for it."

Amanda stopped for breath, brushing a lock of red hair from her forehead.

"But the biggest mistake *any* woman could make," *Kitty* confides, "and especially with a man like *Matt,* would be to press. To become the aggressor. To be obvious in the chase."

What does *Matt,* the U.S. marshal himself, have to say to all this?

"Right."

"If a woman loves a man as surely as *Kitty* loves *Matt,*" continues Amanda, "she'll let him be free. She won't try to bind him with a chain of promises. Even marriage promises. She'll refuse to nag or accuse or pout. Or worse yet, to turn cute. To play games with his affections and resort to trickery. Softness, yes, even for a hard-headed Hannah like *Kitty,* and a willingness to go along with him. But wiles and trickery, even though it might snag the man, are not for *Kitty.* Not with a man like *Matt Dillon.*

"You see, *Kitty's* through looking. She's found her man and she knows it. In Dodge City, Kansas, she could have 'most any man of her choice. Ranchers, cowpokes, dudes all go for her. Nothing doing. *Matt's* her man. Exactly as he is, stubborn and unyielding. And she wouldn't change him for the world.

"If I were out to snag a man like *Matt* in real life, as Amanda Blake, I'd follow *Kitty Russell's* tactics to a T. I'd give the critter plenty of rope. And if occasionally I let my eagerness get away from me as Kitty does, I wouldn't be too much ashamed of it. That's only being a woman. But on the whole, I'd let him take the lead. And follow, not meekly, but devotedly. And maybe such a course wouldn't lead to the altar in a hurry. But once I got him there, I'd have him for life. This I'm sure of."

Amanda's real good at following her own advice and getting what she wants as far as her career's concerned, too. As an aspiring actress a few years ago in New York, fresh out of a Claremont, Calif., high school, the five-foot-seven inch redhead decided that television was the best showcase for her talents. And so, while doing little-theater work, she had managed to land a few roles on the "Schlitz Playhouse of Stars," "General Electric Theatre," "Four Star Playhouse" and the "Red Skelton Show."

While "Gunsmoke" was still in the talking stages, a TV director suggested her as a possible *Kitty.* So a casting director for the show decided to check up on her.

"Without warning, he suddenly turned up to look me over while I was rehearsing one day for a 'Climax' show," Amanda remembers. "And there I was, a scarf over my hair curlers, wearing no makeup and all got up in an old wrapper type outfit. Naturally, he took one look and fled to the hills. He wanted no part of Amanda Blake!"

But Amanda wanted that part—and badly. For two weeks she hounded her agent to get an appointment with the casting director. Still no luck. "He just didn't want to know that hag-in-the-bag that he thought was me," she says.

So on her own, without the advice or knowledge of her agent, Amanda decided to take action. "I dressed myself up like an ever-livin' doll and marched off to the 'Gunsmoke' offices to wait. And wait and wait and wait."

When the casting director finally blew in several hours later, there sat Amanda, looking as chic as a high-fashion model. The director melted and Amanda walked out of that office a new woman—one called *Kitty Russell.*

That *Kitty Russell,* pride of the entire Dodge City population, sometimes lets her eagerness for one *Matt Dillon* get away from her, despite her good intentions to "play it cool," *Kitty* is the first to admit. "Such as when, in the dialogue, she hints of home and children such as other women have," she says.

"But *Matt,* always the staunch believer in women being on the retiring side where affairs of the heart are concerned, comes right back with that sock to the chin in dialogue that rocks her into line. On the surface it may seem a mite cruel. But both know, along with their adult viewers, he's doing it for the good of both —no matter how he feels within."

"*Matt's* job is a dangerous one," says Jim. "Tomorrow he could be cut down by an outlaw's bullet. *Kitty* could become a widow any minute and that thought in mind might sway him in the performance of his duty."

So there they are and there are the fans, overwhelmed by wonder and worry. And an eagerness to get *Kitty* and *Matt* together no matter what.

"How *does* a girl gun for a shy guy?" I asked Jim point-blank.

Stretching out his long legs in my office-den one evening, Jim thought that one over a moment. "We've got an adult western that's unique among westerns," he began. " 'Gunsmoke' is the only western series today that has the same girl in each episode as a definite part of the story. The relationship between *Matt* and *Kitty* is a perfect illustration of how a girl can win a shy guy over."

"But the public isn't quite sure just what that relationship *is,*" I suggested. "What *does* go on with those two?"

"I'll give you the scoop," he grinned, and lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "*Matt's* crazy about her. She's his kind of woman."

Does he kiss her offscreen?" I probed.

Jim threw back his head and roared.

"He sure does. That's the normal all-man, all-woman relationship, isn't it? Why should those two people be different? But the way we play it, the viewers can read into it anything they please. The blue-noses can interpret it as a platonic friendship or easy acquaintanceship if that's their preference. And, of course, with the kids it goes by completely unnoticed.

"But we know—the writers, the directors, the cast—that there's a titillating something between these two people that intrigues the public. Let them read into it what they choose."

In a dozen different ways *Matt* reveals himself and his love for *Kitty.* It comes out in the most subtle lines of dialogue: "Are you all right, *Kitty?*" after a free-for-all brawl. Or an off-hand remark de-

livered with under-the-surface tenderness and concern.

"But Jim," I persisted, "any advice for a teenager who's after a shy guy?"

Jim lowered his eyes a little. "Sara, you know I'm a married man . . ." He paused. ". . . . But I do remember a time a long time ago in Minneapolis, my home town, when I was about fourteen. It was at a dance. Man, how I loved to dance and sing then—at home, in a school play—anywhere but with girls. You see, I had reached my full six-foot-six by the time I was fourteen, and I was the tallest, leggiest, most gangling teenager in all Minnesota. I stooped under doors, chandeliers and even ceilings. I was so awkward when it came to girls that I was embarrassed to ask them to dance. Most of the time they'd complain that they got a stiff neck when they had to dance with me.

"At this particular school dance, I was standing on the sidelines, trying to figure out who to ask to dance. I'd been turned down by a few of the more popular girls, but there was one I thought was kinda nice. Pretty in a plain sort of way, and a little bit shy, like me. I invited her to dance and she accepted. Then, as she stretched her arms up to reach me, a terrible thing happened. Our feet got all tangled up and we both tripped and fell! While we were picking ourselves up from the floor, she blushed and said, 'Oh, I'm so sorry. That was my fault. You were right and I was wrong. I stepped forward when I should have stepped back.' I knew darn well she was telling a little white lie to save my ego, but boy, did I appreciate it. That was a case where a girl was nice to me, and oh, how I liked her for it. After that we were a real twosome."

"Moral," I added: "Make a shy guy feel a little bit important. Right?"

"Right," agreed Jim.

"What makes a guy—shy or otherwise—notice a girl first?" I asked.

"Everyone has an eye for a pretty girl," he said, "and any girl can be pretty."

"Is this what made you first notice your wife?" I asked.

"Yup. She was in class at Pasadena Playhouse. It wasn't long after I'd been released from the hospital. You see, I'd been discharged from Army service because of a leg wound I'd received in the Italian campaign during World War II. A job as radio announcer for WLOL in Minneapolis had convinced me that I wanted to be an actor, so here I was in California studying drama at the Playhouse.

"Virginia was in my class, and she was awfully pretty, and kinda quiet. I like that in a girl, as I said before. When it was decided to put on 'Candida,' who got the lead roles—it must have been fate—but Virginia and me. Within a few weeks we were married.

"After that, I was lucky enough to land a role in 'Battleground.' But then, it was tough going for a few years. I couldn't find an acting job, so I worked in my father-in-law's china shop, sold real estate, and continued making the rounds."

At the end of his prowl was John Wayne, dangling a contract for Jim to sign with his Wayne-Fellows company.

John and Jim liked each other immediately, and from John Jim learned acting from a pro. With each new role—"Island in the Sky," "Hondo," "Many Rivers to Cross" and "The Sea Chase"—he showed improvement. After three years, Wayne released Jim to accept a role as *Matt Dillon* in "Gunsmoke," one that offered less money but more exposure. Was it worth it to Jim?

The tall, quiet man nods an unqualified *"Yes."*

As Amanda puts it, "The four of us—principals of the show—*Chester* (Dennis Weaver), *Doc* (Milburn Stone), *Matt* and me—stand together as a small united front against a more or less hostile populace."

Kitty, the only woman of the foursome, is looked after, kidded, spoofed and protected by the other three.

And not a blue word is permitted. Heaven help the critter who approaches one of the Big Four with a slightly "off-color" tale or joke. "What did that nebnose say to you?" one of them will demand, his features a-flutter. But let one tell a good, honest joke to all four at once, and Amanda, like the infectiously good-humored *Kitty* she portrays, will throw her head back in a gale of laughter that rings across the range like a three-state alarm.

"If Jim Arness can't break up Amanda the first hour of shooting," a CBS cameraman said to me, "he's fit to be tied. But he succeeds nine times out of ten. And the entire cast and crew wait for that first hearty laughter of the day. It usually comes from Amanda."

With most of the series filmed during the spring and summer months, Jim takes to the road for a personal appearance tour during the winter. "I love riding around the country, meeting the folks," he says. "But then it's always so good getting back with the gang on set again."

After their separation of four or five months, with each of the four going his own way, it's like old home week once they meet for the first episode of a new series. Maybe one, two, or even three of them haven't glimpsed the others during those months. "As for me," says Amanda, who roams very little from her small red house in the Valley, where she lives alone since her divorce from a television director, "I get plain homesick to get back to work and my Dodge City friends again. Mostly, I pass the time by thinking up projects for myself, like painting the house or taking care of my friends' pets if they have to be out of town." (Amanda's own menagerie: five cats, two huge boxers, a canary, two parakeets and a goldfish.)

And when the crew reunites, and it's Saturday night again and show time, you can be sure that Jim's wife, Virginia, their three children, Craig, eleven, Jenny Lee, nine, and Rolfe, five, as well as assorted neighborhood kids of all ages, can be found gathered in front of the TV set in the rambling Arness house in the Pacific Palisades, all ready.

They'll see *Kitty* step onto that gloomy indoor set on a smog-bound morning and brighten it with a gay-striped dress and her hair shining. Then it's as if the sun had suddenly broken through. Faces light up, *Matt* grins, *Doc* winks, *Chester* sighs, and they're off, ready and eager for another episode in one of the highest rated shows in the world of television.

And "Gunsmoke" rides again. THE END

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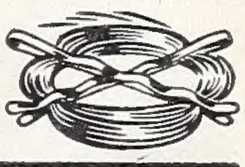

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THEY'RE IN THE NEWS

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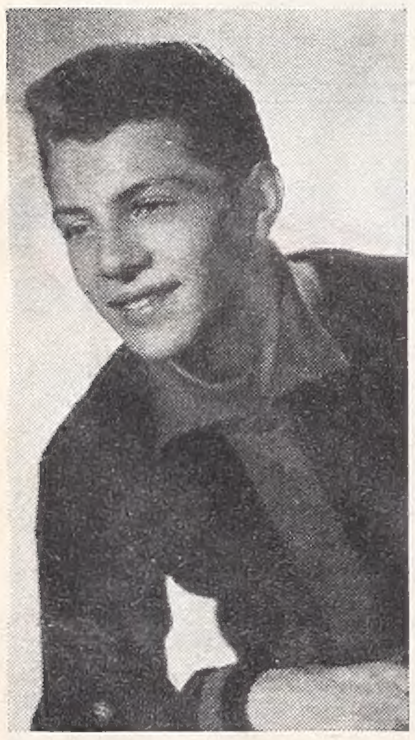

Frankie's got gals ga

Men! Men! Men! What would us women folk do without them! I took a trip around the 48 states and here's the lowdown from the home towns of those new talented guys who are making the news.

Berkeley, Calif. . . . He's 6'2", 180 pounds, with brown eyes and brown hair. A pole vaulting enthusiast in his Berkeley High days, he was aspiring to a berth on the U.S. Olympics team when his interest in dramatics deepened and propelled him to the University of Washington. He's one of the "Method" boys from the Actors Studio, the star of CBS-TV's "Trackdown" and unfortunately, for us single females, he's married to talented NANCY ASCH. Oh, I almost forgot—our Berkeley friends know him as ROBERT CULP.

Waterloo, Iowa, is so proud of its rugged-looking, blonde, six-foot DICK GARDNER, who's causing rumbles out Hollywood way since his appearance as *Pvt. Cowley* in 20th's "The Young Lions," and so are you, judging by your letters. Our friends from Iowa were the first to give out with the news that DADDY GARDNER has finally approved of Dick's new career. There have been stormy sessions at the Gardner domicile—not just career-wise, but marriage-wise, too. The handsome Dick's young wife, who was his childhood sweetheart, would rather have hubby in his dad's real estate and construction business. How dull! They've had a parting of the ways.

Forest Hills, N. Y. . . . The gorgeous hunk of man who appeared in "High School Confidential!" is a Scorpio, according to the stars. MICHAEL LANDON is his name and he was born on October 31st. He's quiet, intense and intelligent. His friends just dig his hilarious mimicry. He's a party-hater—loves to hunt, bowl and—ah me—stay home with his pretty wife, DODIE. An avid do-it-yourself man, too.

And while out Long Island way here's news that poured forth from Astoria, JACK KELLY's home town. Better known to you video viewers as *Bart Maverick*, the Irish born Kelly was a real old-timer when he began his professional career—2 weeks old, when he posed for baby soap ads. He's been busy ever since, but not too busy to fall in love and marry perty MAY WYNN—and in just six weeks.

San Francisco, Calif. . . . Another native Californian making his way up the Hollywood ladder of success is a bushy-browed, husky six-footer, with black hair and divine hazel eyes. STUART WHITMAN's the name and he's about the only actor, extant, who literally bulldozed his way into show business (he owns a bulldozer) and seems to be staying there. He's making scads of noise since his appearance in "Ten North Frederick," but that's not the only noise being made by a Whitman; there's plenty coming from the Whitman domicile where TONY, MIKE and LINDA (ages 4, 3, 2) help daddy Stu and redheaded momma PAT in the build-it-yourself department. SW will soon be seen in "These Thousand Hills."

Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . Yipes! An eligible male! And, he's sexy, too! He's *Clay Hollister*, I mean PAT CONWAY of TV's "Tombstone Territory." He's 6'1", a neat 175-pounder with hazel eyes and he's having trouble looking for a wife. Says Pat: "The only girls I meet are actresses and career girls. I just want a plain, everyday, simple woman." But we'd like to know, how hard are you really looking, PC? Pat's the son of the late famed director JACK CONWAY, his mother, daughter of FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN. Pat digs skin diving, sailing, his new NBC show for fall.

Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Newest, hottest singing rage here is 19-year-old FRANKIE AVALON, whose dark good looks have the rock 'n' roll set ga-ga. Variety's still the theme of his dating life ("The more girls, the merrier."); he likes spaghetti, golf, his red Chevy; is proud of his new album, "Frankie Avalon." . . . You asked about them—and we're happy to oblige. Keep the letters rolling. RONA B.

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